

AMERICA

The Center Party in Germany

Erich-Maria B. J. Vermehren

Religion Speaks To the Statesmen

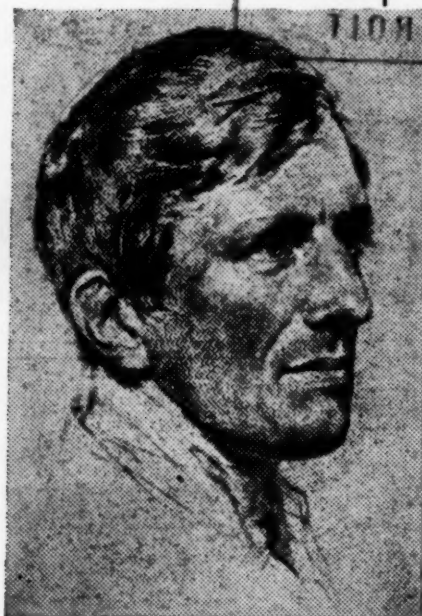
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Red Saber-Rattling

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COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Ultimatum to Yugoslavia. It is high time for the action we learn of today as we go to press: a note is sent to Yugoslavia giving Marshal Tito 48 hours to free the U. S. fliers shot down over Yugoslav territory, or face action before the Security Council of the UN. (For incidents leading to this, see the editorial, "Red Saber-Rattling," p. 526.) If the UN is faced, and Russia attempts another veto, the veto idea will be reduced to its last absurdity, and American public opinion will be consolidated against Russian aggression as our opinion has never been united before.

Civil War in China. The civil war that General George C. Marshall and U. S. Ambassador Dr. John Leighton Stuart saw as inevitable in their statement of August 10 became reality with the mobilization orders issued by communist headquarters at Yen-an on August 19. Almost simultaneously, the Chinese Government announced that unless the Communists lifted the siege of Tatung—which, it said, made a "travesty" of the cease-fire agreement—a full-scale attack would be launched against one of the key communist-held cities, Yen-an, Kalgan or Chengteh. Benjamin Welles of the *New York Times* reported on August 17 that American Marines—officers and men—did not know what they were doing in China, and wanted to go home. On August 18 he reported that Marine officers felt that "Soviet political prestige and economic power in China will grow if the Marines pull out." One would think that even the dumbest Marine could put two and two together—or were Mr. Welles' Marines handpicked? *Izvestia* denounced "foreign interference in the internal affairs of China" as "encouraging the criminal plans of Chinese reactionaries." This, in the teeth of the Moscow Treaty of August 14, 1945, by which Russia promised moral and material support solely to the Chinese National Government. Both America's self-interest, the good of China and the peace of the world demand that we hold Stalin to that commitment; and that we do nothing to undermine the authority of the only legitimate government in China, or to allow Russia to fasten its grip more firmly on that unhappy land.

Ceilings on Food. The Price Decontrol Board, in a definitely unenviable position, had to put controls back on some foods. Consumer and labor union pressure for such control was understand-

ably strong, since recent price rises were rapidly turning food buying within budgetary limits into a full-time business. All things considered, the Decontrol Board probably made the wisest choice in re-imposing ceilings on meats and sources of vegetable oils and fats. These are the items which housewives want and yet find in short supply. Before many weeks stocks of meat will become still lower, for cattle-feeders and other producers of meat rushed their animals to market in unprecedented quantity during the July price spree. That means less meat in the months ahead. The shortage of oils and fats will continue at home so long as we export for relief or to satisfy foreign buyers much more needy than ourselves. What gives pause in the decontrol decisions is that animals grown for meat consume grain for food. That makes decontrol of grains at this time look rather anomalous, for meat-processors will probably be caught in a new squeeze and hence tempted by the black market. Perhaps OPA, now with less items to police, may be able to ferret out the chiselers where before it failed. That will have to

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be done if meat controls are to mean anything for the average housewife. Some farm opinion recognizes the problem, and one farm paper states the initial mistake was to take rationing away from meat. Controls with strict rationing would surely have worked; now the outlook is somewhat doubtful at best. Anyway the Decontrol Board did the only logical thing under the circumstances.

Labor on Wages and Prices. Not all the attention of the anti-inflation-minded public was concentrated last week on the Price Decontrol Board. Equally important in its mind were the deliberations of the AFL Executive Council in Chicago and the meeting of 300 CIO leaders in Washington. If organized labor decided that the time had come for another round of wage increases, what the decontrol board did might become largely academic. In this crisis, labor leadership revealed a shrewd understanding of both political and economic realities. While bitterly criticizing the 79th Congress for betraying the welfare of the people by relaxing price controls, labor leaders voted to concentrate their efforts for the immediate future on stemming the rise in prices rather than on boosting wages. Not that the possibility of new wage demands was ruled out. On the contrary, the AFL at Chicago and the CIO at Washington bluntly warned government officials and the profiteering element in business that the answer of labor to a continued rise in the cost of living would be new wage demands and probably another round of strikes. This stand puts pressure on industry and price-control officials to hold the price line, leaves labor free to act if they don't, and runs a minimum risk of alienating the strike-sick public in a critical election year. What happens, then, in the next few months on the price front will determine what will happen on the wage front. Although it feels cheated, labor is willing to play ball, but only if everybody else plays ball, too.

Austria to be Heard. At the Moscow Conference of 1943, the Big Four recognized that

Austria had been the victim of Nazi aggression; hope was held out to her that she would not be treated as an ex-enemy; her early freedom and independence were promised. Three years have passed. The tragic country is saddled with a huge Russian occupation army which lives off the land while misusing UNRRA relief supplies; widespread confiscation by the Russians of commodities and assets which are unilaterally claimed to be German, and therefore part of the reparations determined at Potsdam, cripple Austrian recovery; the western zones are faced with a total breakdown of motor transport and consequent food-supply difficulties because the Russian zone has failed by fifty per cent to meet agreed gasoline imports into the west; Russia is driving for a united political front of Socialists and Communists in her zone, such as she has brought about in Germany. With the situation so desperately chaotic, comes a tenuous whisper of hope that the western allies have not abandoned Austria. The Paris Peace Conference has voted the Russian bloc down, 15 to 6, and agreed to hear Austria's views on the Tyrol question. This decision was reached in the face of the obvious Russian determination to be harsh toward Austria and to keep her plight from being publicly discussed. Now, at least—and it is admittedly a small "at least"—Austria will be heard. With the shameful memory of our abandonment of Poland fresh in mind, it is obvious and imperative that Austria, as a prelude to justice, be given a hearing, not only on the Tyrol, but on all problems threatening her existence.

Italy and the "Wider" Peace. On the eve of his departure for Paris and the defendant's bar at the Peace Conference, Premier de Gasperi heard the Holy Father "invoke the divine assistance for the people of Italy and for those whose mission it is to help them to their feet, out of their suffering and discouragement to new dignity and restored vigor, in a peace that is true and just." Thus paternally the Pope blesses the faltering hearts and hands of our peace-makers. Thus he warns them, too. From the surrender at Rome in 1943 through co-belligerency to Potsdam, the United Nations have repeatedly professed the "mission" of restoring dignity and vigor to a more than friendly Italy. Does the first Draft Treaty broached at Paris leave her any hope of either? And without either, what "sovereign equality" can she bring to the councils of "peace-loving" members of UN for the "wider" peace of the world to which her new democracy is dedicated? The least spectacular and most moving paragraphs in Premier de Gasperi's inspired address on August 10 expose the

Editor-in-Chief: JOHN LAFARGE
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 JOHN COURTNEY MURRAY, RICHARD E. TWOHY
Editorial Office: 329 W. 108TH STREET, NEW YORK 25, N. Y.

President, America Press: GERALD C. TREACY
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fatal danger of the treaty's economic provisions, over and above the territorial amputations to the east, west and south. Her credit balances and property abroad are to be "seized, retained and liquidated" by the Allies, with no discount or compensation for two years of heroic companionship in arms. Her navy is now (incredibly) regarded as war booty, and thus unavailable as reparations; her three-billion-dollar claim on Germany for war damages disallowed; saddled with "occupation" costs for the period when her ships and men fought at our side—what shadow of independence remains to Italy's shattered economy? The "wider" peace that is "true and just" will not be made with Italy a pawn, a battlefield between the economic East and West, a "depressed area," physically and morally, within the United Nations. With the divine assistance, may the peacemakers be mindful of their mission.

Behind the Palestine Issue. Certain liberal-minded people have become very bitter over what they regard as the British Government's brutal policy toward the Jews in Palestine. In sincere bewilderment they ask how a government which is heir to an enlightened colonial policy and which has been so liberal toward India and Egypt can at the same time behave so heartlessly toward homeless Jews fleeing to Palestine for sanctuary. The answer, of course, is very obvious, and it reflects not merely on the British Government but on all the governments, and especially on the Soviet Government. The key to British policy in Palestine is power politics pure and simple, and the primary blame, therefore, for the continued sufferings of European Jewry rests with those most responsible for perpetuating power politics. It rests, that is to say, with Soviet Russia. Now that Britain is pulling out of Egypt, she must maintain a base in Palestine for the same reason that she must support Turkey and maintain her influence in Greece and Iran. In a world dominated by power politics, there is no other way by which Russia can be prevented from expanding into the Near East the way she has expanded into Manchuria and Korea, into Eastern and Central Europe. Furthermore, Britain cannot risk offending the Arab world, for if she did, the Arab world, which is even now the object of Soviet scheming, would rush to Moscow for salvation. The mess in Palestine, like the Conference in Paris, is further evidence, if such evidence is needed, that the United Nations as presently organized is not the answer to the universal desire for peace. The world is still being run according to the bloody formulas of power politics; and if

the Jews are the victims thereof, so, too, are the Finns and Poles, the Balts and Ukrainians, the Austrians, Slovenes, Rumanians, Hungarians, Serbs, Slovaks and half the people on the globe.

French Workers: Front or Freedom? The twenty-and-one delegations at the Paris Peace Conference might well spare a baby spotlight from the Palais du Luxembourg for a very instructive workers' revolt being staged just outside the Conference door. Some thousands of French communications workers, in open defiance of the rigid control exercised by the Communist Party over their General Federation of Labor, have formed their own national strike committee for independent action, bringing to focus (an old French custom) the problem of the hour for all the workers of the world. Can the labor union remain an association of free men, nobly serving their professional interests and through these the common welfare, if it submits itself to the "discipline" of a political front? It was chiefly this danger of political entanglement and subjugation which kept the Christian Trade Unions (CFTC) of France out of the General Confederation from the start. Workers of all parties have been the gainers, during the Resistance and since, from CFTC concentration on strictly "vocational" action. M. Léon Blum, speaking for his reconstructed Socialists, who are largely involved in the protest of the transport workers, flays the Communist Party somewhat ineffectually for seizure of the direction of the French labor movement. "In a country," he warns, "where, as in France, the working class is politically divided, control of a corporative organization by a party fatally introduces the germs of division, and the germs of division are the germs of indiscipline." He might well have added that there is no indiscipline where the working class is *not* politically divided. There is precious little freedom, either.

Cooperatives and Health Insurance. Meeting in Two Harbors, Michigan, during mid-August, the National Conference on Cooperative Health Plans considered health programs from every angle. Monument to the Conference's industry is the new Cooperative Health Federation of America, established as a permanent national organization by the delegates. Members of bona-fide co-operatives at first wanted to restrict membership to groups following Rochdale principles, but membership was later voted to include health organizations conducted by labor unions, industrial plants, farm organizations, doctors and government. The existence of such a federation is itself

guarantee that the consumers' point of view will be heard in the development of a national health program. In line with this objective was the condition under which the Conference finally agreed to endorse the Administration's health-insurance plan, namely:

No State may participate which legally or otherwise restricts "free development of consumer-sponsored medical service plans," and

There must be "majority, or equal, representation from organized consumer groups" on administrative and policy-making bodies of the national plan at all levels.

Noteworthy is the fact that the Conference, after initial hesitancy and even hostility, finally approved "the principle of public responsibility for assuring the availability of health and medical services for all the people, without economic or other barriers," and endorsed "nation-wide health insurance under public auspices." This new attitude toward compulsory health insurance on the part of cooperatives—coinciding with greater awareness by physicians that a comprehensive prepayment plan is desirable—gives hope that a working solution will soon be found. While private initiative would thus be encouraged, lower income groups, otherwise unable to purchase proper health care, would be afforded minimum protection. Some conservative medical men may consider this latest development injurious to doctor-patient relationships, but to most persons interested in the nation's health it means that hereafter the consumer intends to have a greater voice in achieving equitable distribution of what the medical profession has to sell.

Vitalized Instruction. The \$700,000 grant which the Carnegie Foundation has earmarked for "vitalizing instruction" in the South is no doubt a wise investment. Thirty-one colleges and universities will share the fund and contribute another \$200,000 for the privilege. Its purpose is "to stimulate creative activity, to finance research and to purchase research materials and library books." The result hoped for is an improved teaching job. In order to start an argument, and mayhap encourage the Carnegie Foundation to lay out more of its money, it may be questioned whether the *means* are adequate to the end proposed. A more basic project—and means—would be the reformation of graduate preparation for teaching. Notorious is the fact that, as things are now, teaching gets off to a bad start from the kind of graduate-school program forced upon candidates for the profession. The research ideal in its narrowest conception generally prevails, with the result that the M.A. or Ph.D., say, in

history, enters the classroom an "authority" on a very restricted corner of the field of American or English or European history. In the years of his graduate training he has dug an academic hole some sixty feet deep but exceedingly narrow at the top. Many a teacher never climbs out to survey the other two dimensions, length and breadth, which for instruction below the graduate level are far more necessary than depth. The old saw about leading the horse to the water has a modern application for teachers who bring pupils to the rivers of knowledge. Difficult as it may be to get them to drink deeply, or at all, they can at least make them mighty thirsty. They won't do this short of being what present-day graduate instruction does not help them to be—master navigators, who know not only the depth but also the length and breadth of the rivers of knowledge.

Surplus Property for Scholarships. When the World Conference of Teachers was in session recently at Endicott, N. Y., it proposed a vast program of student and teacher exchange among all countries as an aid to world peace. News reports of the proposal, strange to say, made no mention of the Fulbright Bill, passed by both Houses and signed by the President on August 1, which not only anticipated the Endicott resolution but gave it a practical turn. According to Senator Fulbright's measure, now a law, some \$300 million derived from the sale of surplus property outside the continental U.S. will be applied to educational interchanges during the next twenty years. Participating countries are limited to a total of \$20 million for this purpose and to not more than a million dollars annually. Interchanges will take the form of scholarships for studies, research, instruction and other educational activities. Teachers and students alike are eligible for the scholarships, which include transportation expenses. They will be awarded (on what basis is not clear from the law) both to Americans for study abroad and to foreign students and scholars for study and research in colleges and universities in the United States. Responsibility for administering this vast interchange program is placed with the State Department, assisted by a civilian Board of Foreign Scholarships consisting of ten members. It is estimated that over the twenty-year period the fund will provide interchanges involving as many as 150,000 students and teachers. Catholic students and scholars, and Catholic institutions of higher learning, should by all means seek active participation in the benefits of the new law both for their own sakes and for the cause of international understanding.

WASHINGTON FRONT

BEING NO COSMIC Washington essay, but a report, with minor liberties, on conversations with strangers met across a dinner table while tooling along through the Midwest:

"What gets me," the man from Muskegon is saying, "is that every night seems like New Year's eve in so many of these towns. Hotels crowded, bars full, orchestras braying, sirloin steaks at \$3.50 a throw, everyone spending money. Will someone tell me where it all ends?"

"Yes," says No. 2 man. "But still it's plenty tough for an awful lot of people in Detroit. Reuther and the big bosses yipping at each other, a lot of strikes, men working short hours. And it's murder trying to keep a wife and a couple kids on thirty or thirty-five a week. Me, I make three times that but prices are going crazy and it's hard enough at that."

"Conventions, now," the Muskegon man resumed. "They've all started up again since the war and a traveling man that's got business can't get in the hotels with them. Doesn't anybody ever stay home in this country? And ever notice that the middle-aged people at these things are the noisiest ones of all?"

"And this tipping racket. Used to be you gave a tip to someone for friendly service. Now, why they blackjack you. And if you tip less than a quarter you'd better duck fast, brother, for it's likely to come sailing back at you. Fact is, I saw a hotel doorman refuse a quarter the other day. I don't know what he had done for this guy, but I hear him say, 'I don't take two-bit tips.'"

"I thought the holdups went out with the war," the other says. "But yesterday I had to slip a railroad ticket-clerk three bucks to get a lower berth from Chicago to Detroit. Sure, I don't hafta, but what am I supposed to do—take an upper? And me on expense account—huh!"

"I sit down in a hotel in Peoria this morning," No. 3 man says, "figuring on getting breakfast. Nothing happens, and in fifteen minutes a guy comes in and sits across from me. I tell him the waitress is swamped and it's pretty slow. He says he's got lots of time. We wait an hour and ten minutes, honest. And this guy that has all the time is raging now."

"The girl, she's snarling too. Manners are scarce these days, eh? Nobody wants to wait on table or make beds or any of that any more, I guess. Maybe when the Republicans get in they'll cut out all this slavey work for everyone. Utopia, eh? Say, how'd the White Sox make out in the second game today?"

CHARLES LUCEY

UNDERSCORINGS

CATHOLIC CENTENARIES in the United States are not the rarity they used to be; but not on that account are they the less significant, e.g. of extraordinary growth, of pioneer enterprises carried to full effect, of new foundations and works of zeal fanning out from the old, etc. (Which suggests, incidentally, a challenge to some devoted scholar to compile an accurate and popular book of Catholic anniversaries.)

► One of the 1946 centenaries, noted here on August 17, is that of the Benedictine Fathers and of their first American foundation, St. Vincent Archabbey and College, Latrobe, Pa. In these hundred years the Benedictines in the United States have grown from the initial 18 to some 2,500, and they have charge of 10 colleges, one junior college, 21 preparatory schools and high schools, as well as more than 200 parishes and a large number of mission stations. Observance of the centenary will be at St. Vincent's, Sept. 2-4.

► Another important centenary is being celebrated this summer by the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, which, though founded in England, owes its origin to Mother Cornelia Connelly, a native and former resident of Philadelphia. The Society came to the United States in 1862. Its 400 members here conduct Rosemont College, Pa., 11 academies and high schools and 11 grammar schools.

► September Catholic conventions: 3-7, Theta Phi Alpha, an affiliate of the National Council of Catholic Women, at Swampscott, Mass.; 14-15, National Catholic Evidence Conference, at Cincinnati; 21-25, the 23rd meeting of the National Council of Catholic Women, at Kansas City, Mo., on the theme: "Woman's Duties in Social and Political Life"; 24-26, national meeting of Diocesan Directors of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, in New York, with solemn Pontifical Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral on the 24th, celebrated by Archbishop Rummel of New Orleans and sermon by Archbishop Cushing of Boston.

► The Holy Father has appointed Rt. Rev. Msgr. Timothy Manning of Los Angeles to be Titular Bishop of Lesvi and Auxiliary to Archbishop Cantwell of Los Angeles. . . . Very Rev. Sylvester P. Juergens, S.M., for the past ten years Provincial of the St. Louis Province of the Society of Mary, has been elected Superior General of the Society for a ten-year term. . . . Thirty Catholic colleges in the United States have donated 59 four-year scholarships to Catholic students from China. By these and similar grants, over a ten-year period, it is expected 500 Catholic youth will be educated here for the China apostolate. A. P. F.

Religion Speaks to the Statesmen

JOHN LaFARGE, S.J.

WHEN the new world commission on international affairs was set up by the various Protestant groups in Cambridge, England, under the auspices of the World Council of Churches, a hope was expressed that it might result in "pressure" being put upon the statesmen in the interests of justice and peace. This pressure, so the commission hoped, was to be exerted not by the Protestants and other non-Catholics alone, but in cooperation with the Catholic Church. And this cooperation, it was suggested, should begin at the "higher levels."

Some of the Protestant groups in this country have since that time expressed uneasiness about this world-commission plan, fearing it might align the Protestants with the Vatican against Russia. Sponsors of the plan can answer these particular objections for themselves. It is a curious sort of dilemma that would keep good patriots and devout Protestants from expressing any doubts about the Soviet regime and its international machinations, for fear that if they did so they might be agreeing with the Pope.

But the proposal has raised one issue which is of the greatest interest to Catholics and Protestants alike, one which bears a little closer examination, for it is closely related to the position of the Church in the world at the present time. This issue may be briefly stated as follows: *How far can religious criticism of the existing political and social order be expected to bring any "pressure" upon the statesmen?*

This is not an academic question at all. It is one phase of the age-old problem of the Church in politics, in a matter where wrong answers can spell religious persecution and dire political enslavement.

The question as I have phrased it can readily be broken down into two: 1) when does religious criticism of the existing order exceed, or fail to live up to, its proper scope; and 2) what means has such criticism for exerting influence—for the carrying out of its ideas—when it is actually put forward? Some clarity on both of these cardinal points is necessary.

Criticism in Focus. If religious criticism of unsound or un-Christian elements in the existing order—domestic or international—is to have any meaning, its observations cannot be confined sole-

ly to matters of individual, purely personal morality. Religion has a say on the social and the political structure as well. It is not within the province of religion, or of the Church as the organ of religion, to prescribe a particular political structure. But it is clearly within religion's province to say whether or not a particular social or religious structure contradicts the principles which religion itself teaches. As the bishops of Holland and Germany and other countries plainly declared during the war that the totalitarian nazi regime was contrary to Christian principles, so the Church today warns against the intrinsic unsoundness of the Soviet political system, the iniquitousness of its persecution of Christianity.

The Holy Father's letter to AMERICA's Editor (AMERICA, July 27, 1946) places squarely before our eyes the exact picture of how religion speaks to the statesmen of today:

During this tragic period of world history, in which an ever wise and loving Providence has cast Our Pontificate, We have used more than one occasion to call the attention of statesmen and leaders in the social and economic field to the cankers that weaken the body politic in its national and international life. A State Absolutism that recognizes no superior law obliging in conscience and imposing even on the State respect for every person's natural rights; an exaggerated nationalism that would close its eye to the unity of the human family, and the moral necessity of man's social development reaching its perfection in a world-family comprising all free and sovereign peoples; racial injustices that often brand the guilty with a sin akin to fratricide; economic selfishness, whether national or individual, that makes it impossible for an honest, faithful workman to provide a decent home for his family, to fill that home with the joy and laughter of children growing up and being educated in healthy surroundings, and to ensure his family's future against the more burdensome effects of hard times, sickness and old age: these are some of the false principles and evil practices which disrupt harmony within a nation and shatter a weary world's hope for peace. We have denounced them, as did Our predecessors before Us.

These are some of the things that religion talks about: to Presidents, Prime Ministers and Secretaries of State; to Congressmen and Deputies, to ambassadors and commissioners, to congressional and administrative committees, to shapers of policy in labor and management. And religion speaks on these matters not as a matter of mere pious sentiment. It speaks with authority as the custodian of the moral law; and speaks again with

authority as the bearer of a divinely-given revelation concerning the Church of Christ and the freedom and integrity to which that Church is entitled here upon earth.

Religion, however, does not make the error of dissociating its criticism of the political or social structure from the individuals of whom that structure is composed. Structures are made for and by men, not men for structures. Even if a certain structure be in itself blameless, according to all standards of Christian criticism, if the people to whom its operation is entrusted are men without a sense of moral or political responsibility, if they are people of loose lives and evil personal habits, all the beauty and perfection of the organism will not help them.

Religion's criticism of the statesmen, therefore, is most cogent, is most persuasive and effective, when it preaches most clearly and unreservedly the individual moral responsibility that statesmen and private individuals alike must learn to practise if the governments and systems under which they live are to be a working reality.

One of the plainest instances of just this matter is seen in the present American occupation of Germany. All the democratic theory in the world avails little, as a practical working system, if those who exemplify it and administer the system in Germany are not themselves men of personal morality and persons of high public responsibility. A few more episodes like the notorious Hesse jewel-theft case, or the Warner family black-market dealings, and the honor of American democracy in that country would seem to be irrevocably destroyed.

"The good of society demands," says the Holy Father in the letter just quoted, that the problems of the day "be faced with candor, be discussed frankly though with moderation and charity, and the solution which is dictated by right reason and Christian principles be accepted with resolute courage." It is religion's task to "present truths with prudence and reserve, it is true, but always in perfect focus." That focus is attained when the *individual's* duty is seen in its full scope of social and political moral responsibility; when the *duty of society and the state* is seen in its relation to the private morals of individuals. For the "perfect focus," neither of these elements can be separated from the other.

The Pressure of Criticism. Our second question is: through what, or by means of what agency, can religious criticism hope to obtain hearing and influence for its ideas?

If the would-be reformer has at his command a powerful secular arm, which will wield the big

stick, and by physical force compel his spiritual teachings to be carried out, the critic's or the reformer's task is obviously simplified. But by that very token he ceases to be a true religious teacher. He is a mere ecclesiastical tyrant, of a kind for which history offers melancholy examples.

But the pressure which religious criticism can expect to exert upon the world's statesmen is not the pressure of organized political power. It is the pressure of the truth, of an appeal to that sense of truth and honesty which the statesmen themselves may lack, but which in the long run they cannot afford to ignore. It is not, however, an *unaided* appeal to the truth. The Catholic journalist, or any other journalist, who relies solely upon the sweet reasonableness of politicians to absorb distasteful truths is leaning upon something considerably less than a broken reed. There is often a latent good will and a certain moral sense from which he may expect a sympathetic echo. But he is just as likely to encounter crude misunderstanding, bigotry, and even a flaming hatred of the truth.

To break these obstacles down, to carry the message not only *up to* the "statesmen," but into their hearts and out into their deliberations and decisions, a divine, supernatural power is necessary. The Holy Spirit Himself must come to the "critic's" aid, and with His fire, His wisdom and His love put life into otherwise dead words, and clothe the notional bones of language and argument with the living flesh of interior understanding and assent.

So let me say to those who debate about the possibility of an effective religious criticism of the "cankers that weaken the body politic in its national and its international life" (to quote once more our Holy Father): all the commissions, the ingenuity and deliberation in the world will fail, if the grace and blessing of God's Spirit is not obtained to further the religious critic's words. No effort need be too great, no pains too laborious, to work out the formulation of such a message, and to obtain as large a cooperation in delivering it, from men of good will everywhere. But if religion's message is to be heard, if it is not mere sound upon the air, the power of the Holy Spirit must be invoked through humble prayer and obedience to the will of God. "If the disciples of the Lord Jesus cannot work together for the world's salvation," writes Dr. Roy L. Smith, editor of the (Methodist) *Christian Advocate*, "then they dare not exhort the politicians to work together toward the same end." Whatever be the difficulty of working together, we can certainly pray together for the blessing of the Holy Ghost.

THE CENTER PARTY IN GERMANY

ERICH-MARIA B. J. VERMEHREN

IT HAS RECENTLY BEEN REPORTED that a new "Center Party" has been formed in British Occupied Germany. The inaugural meeting was held in Soest—where, seventy-five years ago, the old German *Centrum* was founded. The implication is obvious: the future is fraught with such dangers for German Catholics that today, as in 1870, they have to create a political organization of their own—the Church being, in essence as well as in practice, aloof from politics—in order to defend their inalienable rights.

That, however, is only one side of the picture. A party cannot exist for any length of time on a purely defensive program. It must have a positive policy with which to appeal to the electorate. The history of the old German Center Party reveals the difficulties attending the formulation of such a positive policy; it also brings to light the fundamental ideas and tendencies which have directed the development of political Catholicism in Germany in the past, and which will certainly influence it again in the future.

The development of Prussian hegemony, culminating in the victory over Austria in 1866, filled the Catholics with anxiety. When elections were held for the Prussian Diet in 1870, it was clear that the Catholics had to have their own representation.

The program on which the newly-founded Center Party (so called because the Catholic delegates had previously had their seats in the middle of the House of the Diet) was based, is significant: to safeguard the Church's constitutional rights; to preserve the freedom of confessional education; to emphasize the federal character of the new German Reich which was about to be formed; to press, inside Prussia, for decentralization and provincial self-government; to promote social legislation.

Equally significant were the political alliances into which the party entered in the new Reichstag. It made common cause with both the Bavarian and Hanoverian particularists, and with the twenty-odd delegates who represented the Poles living under Prussian rule.

Thus, in its program as well as in its political alignments, the Center Party was diametrically opposed to the Bismarckian policy. A clash was unavoidable, and it came almost immediately. Using the promulgation of the dogma of papal infallibility as a pretext and as a means to whip

up anti-Catholic sentiment among the Liberals and Protestants, Bismarck began the notorious *Kulturkampf*, in which he aimed at the complete elimination of Catholic influence over all forms of education and over public morality. In this struggle, which lasted for nearly eight years, the Center Party became the Catholics' main weapon of defense; it presented the Chancellor with a solid and quite intractable opposition and, under the ingenious leadership of Windthorst, it played its hand so cleverly that Bismarck was eventually forced to retreat, to repeal the laws which discriminated against the Catholics and to alienate the National-Liberals, his staunchest supporters. Instead, he had to come to terms with the Center Party which, once it ceased to be in opposition, was able to form strong majorities with either the right- or the left-wing parties and thus to dominate the political scene.

It was precisely at this stage that the inherent shortcomings of the Center as a confessional party became apparent. The *Kulturkampf* had naturally strengthened its position, drawing almost the whole of the Catholic electorate into its ranks. On the other hand, the confessional character of the Center had been strongly emphasized—so much so, in fact, that it had almost come to depend, for a principle of political existence, on the continuance of a state of religious persecution. It had a clearly-defined program only with regard to confessional interests; once these were safeguarded, it had little else to stand for. True, there are a number of fundamental ideas about the nature and purpose of the state, about the rights of the individual and about the social structure of society which, as part of the faith, are held by all Catholics in common and are included in the program of any truly Catholic party. But in the Wilhelmian era, these basic notions were not, as yet, political issues.

Consequently, the Center Party gradually lost its hold on the Catholic electorate. Political life in Germany became more and more dominated by economic and social questions, the parties acting as representatives of the different economic and social groups and interests. The Center Party alone did not conform to this pattern; its electorate was held together not by common material interests but by immaterial ideas, by a common creed. In fact, it contained in its ranks groups whose material interests were sharply opposed to each other—a fact which made the development of a unified economic policy and social program even more difficult.

When these shortcomings became apparent, attempts were made to de-confessionalize the

party. They failed, owing to the lack of a positive program, and their only result was the gradual elimination of the clergy from the party bureaucracy. On the other hand, trade unions were formed on an inter-confessional basis, so that in this most important sphere of social organization a link was established not only with other denominations, but also with the parties of the left.

In parliament, however, the Center developed more and more into a middle party—too strong to be ignored by the government and pushed into opposition, and yet too weak to hold its own. The history of its life in parliament—both before and after World War I, is thus full of compromises, of uneasy alliances with neighboring parties right and left, of half-hearted support for some governments and of equally half-hearted opposition to others. True, it never betrayed its fundamental principles, and it always stood firm on questions affecting the position of the Church, especially in the field of education. But that alone did not justify its parliamentary existence; the same services could have been rendered to the body Catholic by a popular "League for the Defense of the Constitution," representing the whole of the Catholic electorate and exerting a certain pressure on all the parties. In fact, the very existence of a Catholic party tended to weaken the position of the Catholic electorate as a whole; they thought that their Catholic interests were adequately represented by the Center.

During the nineteen-twenties, the Center joined forces mostly with the Social Democrats, in opposition to the right-wing parties. It regained some of its political stature during the closing stages of the Weimar Republic, when it fought against the National Socialists, challenging them on the fundamental issues of individualism and democracy. It was defeated, like all the other democratic parties; and in July, 1933, after the passing of the Enabling Act, which conferred upon the Nazis dictatorial powers, it came to an end, together with the Catholic Bavarian People's Party, by "voluntarily" disbanding itself. Both this decision and the proclamation, by which it was announced, have been severely criticized. There was, however, little else for the Center to do once the Social Democrats, the strongest party of the democratic bloc, had effaced themselves in the same way. As to the proclamation, it should be noted that the appeal to collaborate with the Nazis which the Center addressed to its members contained one most important qualification: "To collaborate for and in a state order founded on a legal basis."

This principle of legality henceforth guided

Catholics in their attitude to, and relations with, the new state. They accepted the Concordat of 1934 as a workable, if not wholly satisfactory, new charter for the position of the Church in the Third Reich. When it became clear, however, that the Nazis did not intend to honor it—or, indeed, any other legal or moral obligation—the Church went unequivocally into opposition.

This was a new kind of political Catholicism, where the Church as such, under the leadership of a singularly fearless hierarchy, stood up not only against any particular act of injustice and terror to which she herself, or the clergy and faithful, were subjected, but against the whole conception of totalitarian dictatorship, of racial discrimination and of nationalist aggressiveness. Already in 1937 the Concordat was superseded—though not legally—as a charter for German Catholicism by the papal encyclical, *Mit Brennender Sorge*, and ever since the Catholics have been in the forefront of the German opposition.

Now there is a new Center Party—and to many who remember the inglorious performance of the old one during its later stages, the announcement must come as an anti-climax—the more so since a hopeful beginning in the direction of a broadly Christian Party—uniting in its ranks all those who, on the basis of common Christian principles and of a common respect for the ideas and values of the European tradition, had been drawn together in opposition to the Nazis—seemed to have been made by the formation of a "Christian-Democratic Union" as a new party in Berlin. Where then does the new Center stand, and what shall be its functions?

To answer these questions, the present conditions in Germany must be taken into account. Political parties are as yet only zonal institutions, and the same name may come to have very different meanings in the different zones. The Christian-Democratic Union is as yet important only in Berlin, where it has been created and is still working under quite exceptional circumstances. It is a member of the Anti-Fascist bloc, a coalition of the four existing parties, dominated by the Communists. The internal cohesion of this "United Front" is negligible; but as long as it remains, the Christian-Democrats do not possess real independence. Attempts are now being made by the Communists to have a United Front not only in the Soviet Zone (including Berlin) but in all zones—which means that they want to extend their predominance, which is based solely on local conditions in Berlin, over the whole of Germany. The new Center Party may be regarded as an attempt to forestall it.

The new party offers to Catholics and Protestants alike (this was stressed in the inaugural addresses) a political organization which is wholly free from outside influence and which, with its center in the British Zone, stands a better chance of becoming the true representative of political Christianity in Germany than the Christian-Democratic Union. Obviously, this state of affairs need not last, and there is no reason to suppose that the two parties may not eventually be merged into one, provided they agree on points which to Catholics are fundamental.

One of these points is the question of confessional schools, and it seems already as if the two parties are likely to take up different attitudes. The Center will undoubtedly stand for the fullest freedom of the churches to have as many confessional schools as are necessary to meet the demands of the parents. The Christian-Democrats seem less determined; faced with the communist-inspired education laws for Berlin and the Russian Zone, which not only forbid confessional schools but also ban religious teaching in the state schools, they have so far protested only against the latter, and it is reliably reported that many of them hold no brief for confessional schools and would not mind seeing them finally abolished.

Now, for Catholics, the freedom of confessional education is a matter on which they will never compromise. Moreover, they have come to regard it as the test of true freedom in all other spheres. A state which forbids, or fights against, confessional education cannot be truly democratic, cannot be based on full respect for the rights of the human person, cannot, of its essence, be Christian. In fact, any state with a religiously mixed population, in which the freedom of confessional education is suppressed, can by inference be classified as totalitarian, and any group clamoring for the abolition or even restriction of that freedom must be suspected of dictatorial desires. This is the lesson of the past twelve years, and it has been learned by the German Catholics at terrible expense.

Here, then, would lie the immediate function of the new Centre Party: to fight, within the framework of a new Germany democracy, for the fullest recognition of the Church's (and the parents') rights in education, and to test, by its insistence on full freedom for confessional schools, the democratic sincerity of other parties.

But it would have to go farther. Faced with the danger of new forms of totalitarianism, it would have to work for a structure of society which contains sufficient safeguards against both slow penetration and violent overthrow by any group

believing in this "heresy of the twentieth century."

Thus, the new Center party would become the exponent not only of limited confessional rights and interests, but of a positive political philosophy. From this would flow a program which covers all main aspects of political life. Already some of the major points of such a program can be discerned: that national unity in Germany should be based on a federal constitution; that administration should be decentralized, save for national economics and foreign policy; that there should be a pluralist structure of society, i.e. that as many public functions as possible should be exercised by organizations distinct from the government; that the growth and development of strong and genuine trade unions should be encouraged, and that social justice should be assured by measures based on the spirit, if not the letter, of the encyclicals.

It is clear that with these points the new Center Party does in fact revive the best traditions of the old one. There is, however, one essential difference: in the eras of Wilhelm II and of the Weimar Republic, the program of the Center appeared to represent no more than one among many alternatives, which were all equally suited to solve the nation's problems within the framework of a liberalist or democratic structure of society. There seemed to be, for the Christian and even for the Catholic, various other parties to which he could transfer his allegiance with equal confidence, provided that his confessional rights were safeguarded. Today, however, this choice is severely limited. Everywhere, political ideas and opinions have grown into full-blown ideologies, most of which are mutually exclusive. Whereas formerly most parties were agreed on essentials and differed only on particulars, today the position is reversed. In choosing his party, the Christian will have to look behind the façades of programs and battle-cries, and inquire into the fundamentals.

This, for the new Center party, should be a tremendous advantage. Based on the principles of Christianity and deeply rooted in the European tradition, it cannot fail to appeal to all sincerely Christian Germans. It would thus outgrow its confessional limitations; and against the background of the other parties, it would appear no longer only as the representative of political Catholicism, but as the principal guardian and protagonist of that political tradition which, in its basis, its aims and its methods, is most unequivocally opposed to totalitarianism—whatever its name, form and origin.

In this, it will not easily be rivaled.

WHAT ABOUT THE GRADUATE VETERAN?

GEORGE H. CAIN

WITH VETERANS of World War II flocking to the colleges, countless articles have been written to discuss the effect on the nation of this widespread acceptance of Uncle Sam's gift of higher education. There have been charges that the young veteran is seeking an education because it is free, because he believes it is an easy way to spend the next four years, or because he is frightened and hasn't anywhere else to go. I believe those accusations may be just in a few instances, but not in the majority of cases. The boy who entered the service without any training on the college level or, at best, education short of a degree, saw college men in the armed forces assume the responsible positions, and learned through experience that education in the United States still pays dividends.

But what about the college graduate? What is he doing, now that he is home and out of uniform?

Typical of a war class was that group of men graduated from Georgetown University in 1942. (The author is indebted to William V. Finn, B.S. Georgetown U., 1942, for supplying data as to present status of graduates of that class.) They were the last to enter college before Pearl Harbor, the first to leave the campus after war was declared. What they are doing today is fairly representative. Most of them were sons of the Catholic middle class, with a few from wealthy families or from poor. It is safe to say that 98 per cent entered the Army, the Navy or the Marine Corps within a few months after commencement in June of 1942.

Today scarcely 5 per cent of that class—except for those who went on to medical school—is still in service. The remainder have returned to civilian life. That their education paid dividends appears clearly on the record. Three-quarters of the class became officers, and at least 10 per cent more, because of their educational record, were trained as specialists in the fields of medical technology, electronics and intelligence.

What is striking is the fact that their service careers did not deter them from entering the professions or delay their taking their normal place in family society. Of the entire class, 51 per cent has already completed graduate studies or is now in training. Of this number, just about half continued their studies in medical school without interruption and now hold doctorates in

medicine, while the half which entered the service has now returned and is scattered in law schools throughout the country. It is significant that those who qualified as officers and received a taste of responsibility have returned in the greatest numbers to halls of learning; for of those in the class of 1942 at Georgetown who became officers, 73 per cent are going to professional schools, while only 16.5 per cent of those who were not commissioned are continuing their education. Of course, it is only fair to say that the Army and Navy induced almost all the medical students to accept commissions upon graduation, and this would naturally swell the total.

Surprising as are these figures, no less remarkable is the fact that more than half the men from the class of 1942 have been able, despite the war, to marry and establish homes, and the number is equally divided between those who have gone on with graduate studies and those who are now in business. About twice as many law students are married as are young doctors. Fully a quarter of all the married couples now have children.

These figures show that the lives of this group of college graduates at least were not too seriously disrupted by the impact of war. A certain number would in normal times have gone ahead to professional school. Without the advantages of government-provided tuition and subsistence, they would have had to forego marriage until after their degrees had been earned and their position in life established. Four to six years would be the necessary minimum. Yet, in the case of the new group of student lawyers, their service careers, especially as officers or high-ranking non-commissioned officers with extended overseas duty, have given them the chance to save sufficient funds to draw upon and add to the government subsidy. This group has thus been able to go to war, to carry out their plans for education in a profession, and to marry as least as soon as they would have in peacetime. Today these young men, their formal training completed, are for the most part entered on active duty in the services and are able to marry on the pay of first lieutenants in the Army or lieutenants (j.g.) in the Navy.

If we consider those who would ordinarily not go to professional school, we find that the war has improved, rather than hindered, their chances of personal advancement. It is true that long service in the armed forces, especially in the case of those overseas, delayed the opportunity to marry. Yet many, who for financial reasons would never have gone to graduate schools in peacetime, now can marry and still continue their

education by government subsidy. Since there was little opportunity to spend, their savings mounted while in foreign service; and these men who desired but could not afford a professional career are now a substantial proportion of the married veterans in American universities.

The class of 1942 of Georgetown University nevertheless has a different mental outlook today than it had on Commencement Day. For them the transition from college life to serious business was abrupt. Entering the Army, Navy or Marine Corps so close upon Pearl Harbor, they were acutely aware of this nation's perilous plight. Training schedules were pressurized, and there was little time for recreation or mental let-down. It was apparent that the armed forces were pitifully short of leaders; and college men were the country's first source of supply. Thus it was that such a large percentage of the class was placed in positions of leadership and technical responsibility. Their duties required at least some continuous study and additional training, so that the men of Georgetown continued to be students even after their college years were finished. Today we see the result in a larger number of them than usual on the campuses of the professional and graduate schools.

With all the tragedies of life in the service, those who have come back are wiser and shrewder. The college graduate observed that at least some of his classmates holding the same degree as he were overtaken in the ranks by men with no higher education but who nevertheless maintained an aggressive spirit and a desire to learn. Because life in the service was a continuous struggle for achievement, and an unending competition, because promotion was more rapid than in the business world, one's status became quickly apparent. The man who was a specialist was needed and recognized over the soldier with no particular professional ability. Because of this, more college graduates than ever before are seeking to continue their education in order to have "an edge" on their fellow graduates by becoming proficient in one field.

As officers and technicians, college men were obliged to exercise leadership and responsibility at a much earlier age than would have been the case had they gone into the business world after graduation in a normal year. That sense of importance they are not willing to give up in order to accept only a humdrum existence as someone else's pawn. Having seen that education paid them well in their service careers, they have faith that its continuance now will bear fruit in the future.

FOOD AT COPENHAGEN

WILLIAM J. GIBBONS

SPEAKING at the Special Meeting on Urgent Food Problems, convened in Washington last May by the Food and Agricultural Organization of the UN, Herbert Hoover concluded his address with a striking paragraph:

Now the primary purpose of the United Nations is to give security and peace to the world. Effective distribution of food during scarcity, the reconstruction of agriculture and, above all, the reconstruction of human beings is essential to the order and peace of the world. As I have said elsewhere, the first voice of war is the guns—but the final voice in making peace is food.

Many will question Mr. Hoover's assumption that food is merely a problem of the reconstruction period, or that effective distribution of food is possible during scarcity without first being an accomplished fact during "normal" times. But no man with a sense of history will challenge his conclusion that world order is impossible while human beings starve or that peace without food is no more than a temporary truce.

Such thoughts will draw the eyes of everyone hoping for peace to Copenhagen when FAO meets there on September 2. It is a historic meeting, the outcome of which may ultimately be more important than the political changes which follow the Paris Peace Conference. Technical difficulties may temporarily delay full completion and implementation of a comprehensive food plan, but right now, when we claim to be building peace, at least the foundation of such a plan must be laid. If the major producing and consuming nations find it impossible to cooperate in bringing about, on a worldwide basis, the equitable distribution of food—most fundamental of human temporal interests—it is doubtful that effective cooperation between nations can be achieved so long as there is no compulsory world body to check their "nationalism" and regulate their economic and political actions.

Due to the very limited nature of UNRRA, and the unfortunate political use to which some of its best efforts have been turned, FAO has been forced to move more rapidly than was at first intended. As the only continuing world food body which will outlive UNRRA's demise at the year's end, FAO felt called upon to consider emergency food problems along with those of a more permanent nature. That is not altogether unfortunate, for in this way FAO, or some branch or affiliate thereof, may soon become the action agency desperately needed to set right the food area of international trade.

In estimating the importance of the FAO Conference at Copenhagen, the nature and purpose of the organization should be borne in mind. Negatively, FAO does not exist to destroy private trading and to substitute State trading in its place nor to promote rigid price-and-trading regulations in the international market. In fact, as at first constituted FAO has no action program at all. It would help shape world agricultural policy, but rather through making recommendations and the education of policy-makers than by actual exercise of authority.

When delegates from 44 nations assembled at Hot Springs, Virginia, in May, 1943, their aim was to pave the way for a permanent world conference on food and agriculture. Agreement was reached on the following points:

The world has never had enough to eat. At least two-thirds of its people are ill-nourished; many face periodic starvation; and this in spite of the fact that two-thirds of the world's people are farmers.

The modern science of nutrition proves beyond doubt that if all people could get enough of the right kinds of food, the average level of health and well-being could be raised much higher than it is now.

The modern science of production shows how to produce enough of the right kinds of foods. To do it, farmers everywhere must have the opportunity to use modern production methods.

But production alone is not enough. Foods must be so distributed that the levels of consumption of those who do not have enough are progressively raised.

This implies an expanding world economy, in which each nation will play its own part, but all will act together. Only by acting together can nations, in the close-knit modern world, achieve peace, prosperity and rising standards of living.

Such were the facts which led the delegates at Hot Springs to set up an Interim Commission on Food and Agriculture in July, 1943.

At the Quebec Conference FAO officially came into existence when the delegates signed the Constitution on the first day. The Constitution's preamble sets forth in brief the broad objectives outlined two years previously. The functions of FAO, as outlined in Article I, reveal the purpose in mind:

1. The Organization shall collect, analyze, interpret and disseminate information relating to nutrition, food and agriculture.
2. The Organization shall promote and, where appropriate, shall recommend national and international action with respect to:
 - a) scientific, technological, social and economic research relating to nutrition, food and agriculture;
 - b) the improvement of education and administration relating to nutrition, food and agriculture, and the spread of public knowledge of nutritional and agricultural science and practice;

- c) the conservation of natural resources and the adoption of improved methods of agricultural production;
 - d) the improvement of the processing, marketing and distributing of food and agricultural products;
 - e) the adoption of policies for the provision of adequate agricultural credit, national and international;
 - f) the adoption of international policies with respect to agricultural commodity arrangements.
3. It shall also be the function of the Organization:
- a) to furnish such technical assistance as governments may request;
 - b) to organize, in cooperation with the governments concerned, such missions as may be needed to assist them to fulfil the obligations arising from their acceptance of the United Nations Conference on Food and Agriculture; and
 - c) generally to take all necessary and appropriate action to implement the purposes of the Organization as set forth in the Preamble.

For carrying out these functions FAO operates on a budget of \$5 million annually, for the first five years.

The disastrous food situation of this past winter and spring—as yet only partially corrected—was largely responsible for the Special Meeting at Washington in May to study the emergency problem and to consider long-term agricultural policies. Subsequent to the conference we had presentation of Sir John Boyd Orr's plan for a World Food Board. This would be an action agency empowered to buy and sell commodities and to collect buffer stocks essential to an "ever normal granary" on the world level. It is precisely this practical program sponsored by the Director-General of FAO which will be the center of discussion at Copenhagen in September.

By some who think we can have high domestic prices and living standards, tariff protection and bilateral agreements, "free trade" and no government regulation all at the same time, the Orr plan will be judged unacceptable. But by others who recognize that it implies breaking down of artificial tariff barriers, the minimum of effective regulation and planning, combined with widest possible expansion of private trade in agricultural commodities, the plan will indeed be welcomed. Even if the Copenhagen discussions do not immediately result in a World Food Board conducted under the UN, there is ample hope that the proposed plan may form the basis for a multilateral commodity agreement among the major food-producing and importing peoples of the world. This, combined with a properly financed international commodity corporation, would at least be a start toward effective cooperation in solving the world problem of food.

WITH THE ENACTMENT of the LaFollette Congressional reorganization bill, a forty-year crusade to regulate Washington lobbies came to a triumphant conclusion. Under the terms of the Act, all lobbyists must register with the Clerk of the House and the Secretary of the Senate, and four times a year submit statements revealing the identity of their employers, a list of legislative measures they supported or opposed and an itemized account of expenses incurred. Organizations engaged in lobbying must disclose their total membership and the identity of all contributors who give more than \$500. Penalties for violation of the Act are a \$5,000 fine or a year in jail. Enforcement of the law lies with the Justice Department.

The problem of the lobby is as old as the country. Encouraged and protected by the Constitutional right of petition, special-interest groups started putting pressure on Congress during the first administration of Washington, and have been at it ever since. Over the years the technique has changed but not the objective. The American Casket Manufacturers, which tried to persuade the 79th Congress to bring home the bodies of our soldier dead, did not, like some Civil War businessmen, set up a gambling establishment in Washington where impecunious Congressmen would be sure to have a run of luck so long as they voted right; but their purpose was much the same. They wanted legislation favorable to their special economic interests.

There is, of course, nothing wrong with the lobby *per se*, since it grows out of the real need of citizens for vocational as well as geographical representation in their government. For this reason, as well as for the Constitutional right involved, the right to lobby has never been abridged by the Federal Government. But the necessity for regulation has long been recognized. The Congress, concerned with the public welfare, has to be protected in some way from the propaganda of groups primarily intent on a private interest. There is need also of safeguarding the citizen's right to know what makes the wheels go around in Washington and why his Congressman votes as he does. The theory behind the La Follette Act is that full publicity affords such protection.

How successful this legislation will be remains to be seen. In addition to possible loopholes, there is some doubt whether the law can be adequately enforced without a special agency to administer it. For lack of such an agency, some of the State lobby laws have been successfully evaded. If

Washington continues to be overrun by lobbyists, the next Congress will probably be willing to make any changes that are necessary.

RED SABER-RATTLING

THE SHOOTING DOWN of an American plane over Yugoslav territory on August 19 is the latest of a series of incidents which stretches back for almost a year to August 29, 1945, when Russian fighters shot down and set on fire a B-29 carrying food and medicine to Korea. In recent months Russia and its satellites have multiplied such offenses. On April 21 and 22 Russian planes fired across the bow of American planes landing at the American airport in Vienna; on April 30 they "buzzed" General Clark's plane; on July 12 and 17 Yugoslav patrols fired on American patrols; on July 29 and August 10 Chinese Communists attacked American Marines; on August 9 an American plane, lost in the overcast above Yugoslavia, was brought down and set on fire by fighter planes.

As an accompaniment the Soviet-inspired press has kept up a violent and continual denunciation of Anglo-American "narrowly selfish imperialist aims." The Russian man in the street can get from his newspapers only the picture of a beleaguered Russia surrounded by capitalist nations ready to close in for the kill.

Stalin has called upon the Russian people to build and equip an invincible army and navy. He warned them on August 19 not to forget for a minute "the international reaction front that has plans for a new war."

What does it all amount to? Russia wants, by consolidating her already strong grip on Eastern Europe, to plant herself firmly on the Baltic, the Dardanelles, the Adriatic and, through her Asiatic satellites, on the Pacific. Stalin has learned Hitler's technique well. A "situation" is created — a boundary is crossed, an act of violence occurs. Nothing, of course, of such magnitude or immediate importance as to justify war. Amid a great deal of saber-rattling and intransigence a "solution" is arrived at. And Stalin will be given concessions for partially retreating from a position *which he had no right to take in the first place*. Communist stock goes up in every country and democratic stock goes down; and the hard-pressed liberals in lands on the Soviet fringe wonder how long they can hold on when the West shows such weakness.

The answer is simple—and dangerous; but not more dangerous than continued appeasement. We have made too many concessions already. Let us, even at this late hour, insist that the Soviets stand by their commitments and the principles of the UN Charter—free elections in Poland, for instance—without having to be bribed to keep their word. We can still refuse to recognize the phony democracy of Soviet-sponsored regimes and techniques. The West does not want a war with Russia. But the lesson of 1938 should not escape us: appeasement is *not* the way to avoid war.

MR. EVATT'S PROPOSAL

IF HERBERT B. EVATT, chief delegate of Australia, expected to win diplomatic concessions when he proposed at the Paris Peace Conference his plan for a world Court of Human Rights, he certainly chose the wrong course. The Russians had already indignantly rejected Secretary Byrnes' plan for a guarantee of human rights in the regions to be ceded by Italy in her peace treaty. Mr. Evatt now asks that a clause guaranteeing human rights be incorporated in "all other territories ceded under the five treaties." As for his Court, it "could be invoked by the way of appeal from national courts or in special cases by direct approach." From the Russian point of view, such a suggestion merely adds insult to injury.

But Mr. Evatt chose a very practical course if his aim was to smoke out still more clearly the irreconcilable difference evident at every turn between the western concept of human rights and democratic liberty, and the Soviet version of "democracy." The week preceding Mr. Evatt's proposal had witnessed a series of mounting protests from Secretary Byrnes and Great Britain's A. V. Alexander against the torrent of Soviet misrepresentation and downright abuse. "America has no apology to make," said Mr. Byrnes, "for the principles of justice, equality and freedom which we have striven . . . to have written into the peace treaties." Yet we have heard, he said, "the principle of economic liberty denounced as a method of enslavement and exploitation."

The series of provocative incidents that have been climaxed with twice shooting at American planes, by Yugoslavia, is the Soviet's running commentary on these remarks. No wonder Dorothy Thompson told Italy's de Gasperi, in her N. Y. *Post* column for August 16, that he was addressing not a peace conference but a war conference.

DP's IN ONE WORLD

LIKE SO MANY human issues too long labeled "private" or "strictly internal," the problem of immigration has been reduced starkly to its lowest terms as an international case of conscience. Shall we call this another special grace won with the war? A million displaced Europeans—most of them starving *because* they are displaced, all of them our brothers under God—call upon the human family for justice and charity which will afford them a *place* to live, labor and love. As of today, their plea must be countered by an exhortation to patience: we are not yet *organized* for that sort of justice and charity. For yet a while, as the lawyers and diplomats bicker at leisure over "procedures," the friendly peoples of the world must speak in whispers of "aliens," even of "undesirable aliens." The cry of the persecuted must still be met with sympathy—and statute reservations. How long, O Lord, how long?

The emergency problem of resettling the displaced or war-refugees, as President Truman sagely insists, is general in its scope, with Palestine a single, though important, aspect. Legal, rather than financial, obstacles are taxing the best effort of a hard-working Inter-Governmental Committee, whose appeal for more extensive world cooperation will be a major item on the agenda of the UN General Assembly meeting in the fall. If a score of countries with space to spare and a slack economy to tool and invigorate take pattern after Brazil, which is ready to admit 100,000 immigrants this year, Christians may see an end of concentrated horror in Europe.

But the long-term challenge to the conscience of mankind remains all but untouched. It is probably untouchable, as long as the nations must remain so sensitive about absolute sovereignty. With a few important exceptions, the immigration laws of our unorganized world society in effect assert as unalienable the right of a nation not merely to regulate the flow of immigration (and emigration), but to exclude from its common life and labor anyone it pleases. Parallel discrimination in trade often compounds this social iniquity, and effectively dams up the world-wide circulation of people and commodities clearly intended by nature.

As this Review was not slow to point out when the permanent Immigration Act was passed in 1924, our own American quota-system, however humanely it may be administered, labors under a fatal restriction. It was arbitrarily but avowedly designed to keep our 1890 (later 1920) population-pattern in race and national origin substan-

tially stable. No constitutional or moral warrant was ever advanced for the adoption of this norm, which in practice skirts the border of "racial" discrimination against Europeans of the South and East, in favor of the "Nordics," who never filled their quotas anyway. The principle of quotas for applicants with special skills and occupations, whatever their national origin, with a margin left for our portion of the world's "neediest cases," would be shrewder, because more equitable, politics. The number of acceptable immigrants would rise, and the total could be kept within the limits of our absorptive capacity.

From the point of view of international good will, of world peace and prosperity, less than no good can come from perpetuating the zoners' myth of neighbors or citizens "desirable" or "undesirable" on purely national lines. With Senator Connolly we may choose to "fight to the death" the notion that immigration is not a strictly internal concern. The moral law which guarantees a man the right "to go forth out of his country, and from his kindred, and out of his father's house" (Gen. 12: 1) will see itself avenged, in war upon war, or in a world community where absolute sovereignty yields to justice and charity under the reign of God's authority.

TO COMBAT DIVORCE

THE FATAL WEAKNESS of so-called Christians who have jettisoned the teachings of Christ to try to justify their desertion by crooked thinking is nowhere more evident than in the matter of divorce. The most recent example of such confused and confusing cogitation comes to our attention in an article in the August 18 New York *Times Magazine*, by Beverley Baxter, M.P.

He is discussing the rise in Britain's divorce rate, which he admits is "alarming," and a definite danger to the state, since from 1940 through 1946 the number of absolute divorce decrees granted has trebled. The author is all in favor, however, of two recently-adopted measures which will, he grants, perceptibly accelerate this alarming increase: couples will now no longer have to remain married three years before they can apply for divorce; the prior six-months wait until the preliminary decree *nisi* becomes absolute has been shortened to six weeks.

Such mental legerdemain baffles us. How the divorce rate is to be slowed down by making divorces easier escapes us. Granted that the earlier British laws, which recognized only adultery as a ground for divorce, led to chicanery and fraud; the solution is not to multiply grounds for chi-

canery and fraud, but to cut away the original ground.

But there is a hopeful move on foot in England. It does not come from woolly-brained thought; it comes from the Catholic hierarchy, which has recognized the growing threat to English homes and determined to make the Church's age-old wisdom more readily available for the solution of the problem.

Under the presidency of Cardinal Griffin of Westminster, the first center of the Catholic Marriage Advisory Council will open early in September. Details of the work have not yet been released, but centers throughout the country are projected, and the work will be expanded to serve engaged couples.

If such a move by the English bishops was recognized as imperative in a country where the divorce rate, though alarming, has not become the tragic farce it is in our United States, some such action would seem equally, or more, imperative here.

Fortunately, not a few dioceses have met the challenge by establishing marriage counseling agencies. Within recent months, the archdiocese of Chicago organized one; at the 1944 meeting of the Family Life Conference, a report was read of the eminently successful work of the Diocesan Matrimonial Clinic of the Diocese of Wichita, established in 1943. Other dioceses, whose activities we shall follow up later, have taken similar steps. Canada, as well, has seen the need, as shown by the work of the Marriage Preparation Service of Ottawa, Ontario.

There is no doubt, in these times of moral and political confusion, that Christ's wisdom working in His Church needs to be brought to bear as never before on the difficulties of modern marriage. Catholics, living in this confused world, are too often shaken from their sense of values, and need more, much more, than Sunday sermons on marriage. Every means at our disposal must be organized to save for Catholics the ideals and true beauty of Christian marriage.

If those ideals are saved for all Catholics in this country, a strange (and yet not so strange) thing will result—the same ideals will be saved for others as well, for a sound Catholic marriage cannot but be a leaven in a neighborhood, in a community. Every Catholic marriage, sound and holy, will be a leaven throughout the nation. This has been experimentally proved in the Wichita Diocese, where successful guidance of Catholic couples in difficulties has brought non-Catholic parties as well into contact with Christ's divine plan for married happiness.

LITERATURE AND ART

SHROPSHIRE JUBILEE

FRANCIS SWEENEY

"I ONLY KNOW HIS NAME, and that he is young," Louise Imogen Guiney wrote in 1897 to a friend to whom she had sent a copy of A. E. Housman's *A Shropshire Lad*. Very few could add anything to that sparse description of the poet and professor of Latin who lived in lodgings at Highgate in London, taciturn, homesick, lonely.

The copy of Housman's book which Miss Guiney had loaned was one of five hundred printed the previous year at the poet's expense, after Macmillan in London had rejected it. This jubilee year has seen two commemorative editions published, with quantities of public notice and approval which contrast sharply with the original obscure and pathetic launching. Henry Holt and Company have brought out the book in a new dress, which is presumably more carefully prepared than their authorized 1922 edition, in which Housman found "disgraceful misprints." And the Colby College Library has sponsored a jubilee edition of the poems, with a sheaf of tributes to Housman, commentary and *explications de texte* which are the rich harvest of Professor Carl J. Weber's years of Housman scholarship.

Another *Festschrift* of less public appeal but perhaps of more permanent value is the *Annotated Bibliography of A. E. Housman: A Critical Study*, by Robert Wooster Stallman of Yale, recently published in PMLA. In a pattern of vast bibliographical logistics, Stallman evaluates the entire corpus of criticism of Housman's poetry and poetic theory published during the past twenty-five years, and focuses on the poems, all the major problems and ideas of contemporary criticism.

These testimonies to the permanent value of his first book would have brought quiet satisfaction to the grey, dour old gentleman who died ten years ago in a nursing home in Cambridge. He confessed that the fame his poetry brought him was a "mattress between me and the hard ground," though he refused honorary doctorates from six universities and asked to be allowed to decline when George V desired to confer on him the Order of Merit.

The first edition of *A Shropshire Lad* sold slowly. At the modest price of two and six it took more than two years to sell the original printing of 500 copies. When Housman's publisher demanded that the second edition be also subscribed by the poet, Housman found another publisher, Grant Richards, who was willing to republish the book on a royalty basis. But *A Shropshire Lad* had already given an example that was to be a solace and a snare to young poets who hope to confound the disdain of publishers' readers by launching their argosies themselves.

In America, where the original manuscript now reposes in the Library of Congress, the book enjoyed a steady growth in popularity. Soon after the turn of the century, various American editions, both authorized and pirated, began to appear. Some of them carried illustrations in the most raffish taste; most of them were marred by misprints. The "boom" in Housman's popularity began with the war in 1914. In that time of daily separation and disaster, many readers seemed to find a wry comfort in the "heathen valor and human pity" of *A Shropshire Lad*.

The pessimism which is the most marked characteristic of Housman's poetry may be traced to two calamities which deeply scored his sensitive soul: the death of his mother when he was twelve, and his failure in his final examination at Oxford ten years later. Born at Bromsgrove in Worcestershire (he was not a Shropshire lad himself, but the Shropshire hills were within sight of his birthplace), Alfred Edward Housman was the eldest of seven children of a solicitor. They had a gay childhood, with their games assuming a literary and dramatic tone under Alfred's imaginative leadership.

Katherine E. Housman Symons, in her memoir of her brother, describes the effect of his mother's death: "This cruel loss to him seems to have roused in him an early resentment against nature's relentless ways of destruction. . . . Death—that cuts short both joys and sorrows—became an obsession with him. . . ."

Housman's attendance at Bromsgrove School was satisfactorily brilliant. In his last term, as head of the school, he won most of his form's prizes, and then he gained an open scholarship at St. John's College, Oxford.

His letters show him entering heartily into the undergraduate life. He writes wittily of elections, the stormy sessions of the Oxford Union, the long sermons preached in St. Mary's, where the surf of the Oxford Movement was still breaking about that historic pulpit. He contributed verse to the *College Magazine*, and in 1879 he easily took a First in Classical Moderations. Laurence Housman, in his book, *My Brother, A. E. Housman*, surmises that this success made him over-confident. At any rate, two years later he failed to pass his final examination and left Oxford without a degree.

His classmate, Professor A. S. F. Gow, ascribes Housman's failure to his neglect of preparation for the papers in ancient history, logic and philosophy. Instead he spent his time on the text of Propertius.

The failure in Greats levied heavy toll upon Housman's spirit. "He came back from Oxford a changed character," Laurence Housman says, adding that the poet became a recluse in the midst of his family at Bromsgrove. This testimony is difficult to reconcile with A. E. H.'s statement: "Oxford had not much effect on me, except that there I met my greatest friend." Besides the severe bruising of his pride by failing in the honors course, it was at Oxford that he became an atheist, ending the long odyssey of infidelity that began at his mother's deathbed. The year after his rustication Housman obtained employment as a clerk at the Royal Patent Office in London, where he remained ten years. Professor Alan Ker remarks: "he is said to have been the worst clerk they ever had."

Housman's duties at the Patent Office occupied him only six hours in the day. His nights he spent reading Latin and Greek at the British Museum, and at length he began to publish papers on the classics in various scholarly journals. The brilliance of his textual emendations brought him considerable prominence in the learned world. When in 1892 a vacancy occurred in the Latin chair at University College, London, the testimonials he presented from classical scholars helped him to win the appointment.

He remained at University College for nineteen years, and in 1911 was appointed Kennedy Professor of Latin and

resident fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. This latter chair he occupied during the last twenty-five years of his life.

A. E. Housman's reputation as a scholar rests on an even surer foundation than his fame as a poet. That savage critic of his poems, H. W. Garrod, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, conceded that "he stands today the first scholar in Europe." His *chef d'oeuvre* is the edition of the Roman poet Manilius.

In his treatment of his fellow scholars, Housman often showed unrestrained contempt. Some of his comments are preserved, like wasps in amber, in the introductions to his editions of the classics. He said that one grave old don had the mind of an idiot child; of another scholar he said: "When — has acquired a scrap of misinformation he cannot rest until he has imparted it." Alice Meynell he impaled on this barb: "She has a temperament which she mistakes for an intellect."

He deprecated what he called Patmore's "nasty mixture of piety and concupiscence," though he conceded that "nobody admires his best poetry enough, though the stupid papists may fancy they do . . . his essay on English meter is the best thing ever written on the subject, though spoilt by one great mistake. . . ."

F. W. Bateson says of Housman's poems: "It is of poetry like this that Cardinal Newman's words are true: 'Poetry is the refuge of those who have not the Catholic Church to flee to and repose upon.'" A. E. Housman had much the same idea: "It is the function of poetry to harmonize the sadness of the world."

Pessimism, "the assertion of evil in the ordering of the universe," rules his darkling world in which lovers are untrue and soldiers enlist to die under foreign skies and young men—lads, rather—go to the gallows or shoot themselves through the head. Life is a treadmill, "our long fool's errand to the grave." Though the trees are in flower in the Shropshire cherry orchards and there are good companions in the farms on Severn shore, death, when it comes, comes all too quickly, and

The lad that hopes for heaven
Shall fill his mouth with mould.

Exploiting the moment's pleasure, steadfastness against "iniquity on high" or, quite inconsistently, fidelity to the public school virtues—"duty, bravery, honor"—are the cold comforts the poet offers. His constant dwelling on pessimistic themes Housman justifies by an allegory in a long poem that stands in the penultimate place in *A Shropshire Lad*. Mithridates, an Eastern king, immunized himself to poisoning by taking all sorts of poisons in increasing amounts. When his enemies put arsenic in his meat and strychnine in his wine, he sat at his board smiling and unharmed.

—I tell the tale that I heard told.
Mithridates, he died old.

In the second volume of verse, *Last Poems*, which appeared in 1922, the scenes and the *dramatis personae* are unchanged. There is the same rehearsing of "the great and real sorrows of young manhood," the wrong-headed resignation, the hellish serenity of the earlier poems. The melancholy is sharper, the poet's cosmic intransigence is more clearly focused.

More Poems appeared posthumously in 1936. It comprises verses gleaned by Laurence Housman from his brother's notebooks. In this final volume the poet's reading of the phenomena of the world is the same, but his indigna-

tion is more mellow and reflective. Though there are some poignant lines about lost friends, there is less reference to his own aches and fears:

They say my verse is sad; no wonder
Its narrow measure spans
Tears of eternity, and sorrow,
Not mine, but man's.

A supreme instinct for the just word and almost a chemist's knowledge of the laws of meter and rhyme are the substance of Housman's technical gifts. His mastery of the ballad stanza, the result of endless revision and experiment, is one of the glories of modern English literature. An accent shifted, a footfall withheld, a cliché struck into an epigram, a metaphor fetched no farther than from the lips of Shropshire farmers—these can evoke in the reader that physical applause which Housman describes as signs of true poetry: tingling down the spine, or at the back of the throat, or in the pit of the stomach.

Like Mithridates, Housman died old. He was in his seventy-eighth year when in 1936 they took him to Evelyn Nursing Home in Cambridge. Years before that he had written:

May comes tomorrow
And Ludlow fair again.

Death came to him on the last day of April.

IMPERSONATION

I saw Christ's Vicar borne on a chair
Above a clamorous throng,
Blazing with jewels, and all the air
Crackled and blazed with song.

Brocaded stiffness instead
Of cables held him bound.
I thought of You, Lord, stripped, dead
And buried on borrowed ground. . . .

I saw Christ's Vicar sit on a throne
And scarlet lords adore;
And I knew Christ's Body Risen and Shown,
And the Pope's heart lying on the floor.

DANIEL J. HONAN

THE NIGHT-LIGHT

It is an hour for dawn; the seeming endless
tableland ends in a single house, confronting
the brink of nothing; a low and steady night-light
burns in a young child's chamber, burns unsleeping,
undaunted by flares of mightier kin, the planets,
and the child's measured breathing (you almost hear it)
rises and falls in the same cosmic rhythm.

Words fail to tell which is the greater miracle:
the leaves that toss with premonition of dayspring—
for who taught them to suck at invisible sunlight?—
Or this: the human form in embryo-vigil,
curled as it curled in the womb, yet waiting surely
to leap in the light and make of the starry darkness
a legend prefiguring its doom of greatness,
a symbol, however imperfect, of infinite
freedom it yet remembers and yet must sigh for.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

BOOKS

BOLSHEVISM IN THE BARNYARD

ANIMAL FARM. By George Orwell. Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$1.75

OLD MAJOR felt the touch of death upon him. For years he had labored and swinked for the Manor Farm, and now that he would see their pleasant acres no longer, he felt himself stirred by some hidden energy to pass on his last words to all the other farm workers. Reverently they gathered around the dying veteran; he had not only a message for them, but a strange dream as well to tell them of. The message? They must all work together, they must be comrades against the common foe. The dream? The words of a song had come back to him, a song his mother used to sing to him. Having uttered these final words, Major spoke no more and died peacefully in his sleep three days later, and went to the place where good pigs go.

For Major was a pig, and his message and his song provide the opening for one of the funniest, most caustic, menace-laden fables of modern times. You may read the 118 pages on whatever level you like; you may see in them only a satire on human quirks and foibles, told with animals as characters. But if you do, you will miss a priceless damning of communism.

The comradeship, you see, to which Major had urged all the other farm animals, was a comradeship against the common enemy, man. The song he gave them as their animal *Internationale* was "The Beasts of England," which foretold the happy day when "the fruitful fields of England shall be trod by beasts alone." Yes, Major died urging the setting up of a farm-yard Soviet, and he urged well. The pigs, being the smartest animals, naturally caught from Major's trotter the falling torch and installed themselves as the dictators. Oh no, not openly at first; all was amity and equality; a set of ten commandments was democratically voted and painted up on the side of the barn, and even the sheep, who were too stupid to learn them, had unanimous approval when they were indoctrinated with a simplified version: "Four legs good, two legs bad."

But totalitarianism was a-creeeping in. At the first battle, when Mr. Jones, the owner ejected by the embattled animals, came charging back with his armed neighbors, Snowball, one of the two young boars, had fought heroically. After the battle he disappeared, and Napoleon, the other boar, let hints be dropped that, far from acquitting himself valiantly, Snowball had not only been a quitter but had actually been seen leading the attack. So the suspicion was planted, and Napoleon took over undisputed dictatorship.

The ten commandments got somehow changed little by little (generally during the night), and when the animals gathered to read them of a morning, they couldn't quite remember just what they had been. Napoleon moved into the manor house, though some of the animals seemed to remember that beds and chairs were fascist. Surrounded by a bodyguard of hounds, Napoleon lorded it over them more and more, and the animals could not quite remember just where and how things began to change.

The story unrolls vividly. There are fine character-types: the little go-between Squealer, who can always explain away Napoleon's two-facedness; Boxer, the gigantic dray-horse, who literally breaks his heart toiling for the cause which he stupidly and pathetically loves, only to be shipped to the glue-factory under pretense that the lorry is carrying him to a sanatorium; the cynical donkey, who is an utter "re-

actionary"; and the aloof, mysteriously menacing dictator.

Mr. Orwell has done a really masterly job of lampooning communist technique; the smear, the protestations of love for democracy, the bland assumption of innocence and righteousness—they are all sketched to the life in the animal protagonists. If you like, you can attach names now in the news to almost every one of the animals. It is all quite hilarious good fun.

But, God help us, it is much more than good fun. I fear that Orwell's little packet of vitriolic laughing gas is too late. Had the world started a gigantic laughing campaign a quarter-century ago, it might have been able to laugh communism out of existence. We can't laugh it off now—as a glimpse at almost any nation on the globe will show. We may chuckle heartily with Orwell here, but underneath our laughter and his book there is a chill undertow, as even he seems to admit in the macabre ending.

If the book were required reading at the Paris Peace Conference, it would certainly make no official friends behind the iron curtain. It might, however, enlighten some naïve diplomats on the impossibility of cooperating in brutal designs without in some degree themselves becoming brutes.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

OPEN DIPLOMACY WANTED

RECONQUEST: ITS RESULTS AND RESPONSIBILITIES. By Hallett Abend. Doubleday and Co. \$2.75

FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS, Hallett Abend served as the chief of the Far Eastern Bureau of the New York Times. Few men know the modern Orient as he does. Unfortunately, as he himself admits, he has been "kicked around" by the Japanese on more occasions than he cares to count and so has "probably developed a vindictive disposition." To the reader, this is at times painfully obvious. Mr. Abend is a man of strong dislikes, and many persons and countries come in for their share of his barbed observations. While many justifiably deserve such treatment, a little more charity on the author's part would have been appreciated.

The book is the product of a round-the-world trip undertaken in June, 1945, along with a dozen other American correspondents. Made under the auspices of the efficient Army Transport Command, the junket went off rather smoothly except for occasional bumptious public-relations officers and a few other overly-officious people. What Abend saw during the course of the thousands of miles of travel made him proud to be an American except for the all-important qualification that we have been a little too hasty in packing up and returning home. Our somewhat speedy exodus from what he feels are our responsibilities irked him considerably; especially when he saw how pushing the Russians were wherever they went in Europe or in Asia. Moreover, our political ineptness has resulted in a failure to match military conquest with political and economic liberations.

Among the book's features are his chapters on Japan, which contain a good deal of material relative to Japanese history which seldom has been mentioned previously. There is also a classic account of the question of American bases in the Pacific from the standpoint of one who thinks that we should have them. The pages he devotes to the men who flew the "Hump" to China succeed in bringing to the reader with remarkable clarity the terrible cost in lives and matériel which this operation consumed. It is perhaps the most graphic portrayal of the hardships those intrepid Americans faced daily which has yet reached print.

To this reviewer, the chief feature of *Reconquest* is its



JUST PUBLISHED!!!

Slow Dawning

By JANE HOWES

— • — \$ 3 . 0 0 — • —

This book is a most readable account of a conversion to the faith, written by the convert herself. But it has a deeper purpose than to be an entertaining narrative.

Unlike most converts, this product of American university education started, not from Judaism, Anglicanism, or some form of Protestantism, but from total unbelief.

During her many years of instruction, reading, and study, she surmounted a formidable array of obstacles, from belief in God to belief in purgatory. In gratitude for the final triumph of grace, she has written this account to smooth the way for others who are detained by the same difficulties.

In a special way, the reading of SLOW DAWNING will be of profit to many priests, for it will open their eyes to the deep-seated intellectual attitudes of countless educated non-Catholics who are earnest seekers after truth. No priest will read this book without becoming more patient and considerate toward those outside the fold and especially toward prospective converts.

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concluding chapter, entitled "The Ghosts of Yalta." He senses that the "conscience of the world" is angered over many of the "political, economic and social betrayals agreed upon through the channels of secret diplomacy." In August, 1945, when Japan collapsed, the United States was the world's hope. But the world did not yet know of the agreements to which we were secretly bound, "which not only make for the continuance of many evils as old as written history, but which create new wrongs of such scope and intensity that only a foolish optimist would believe that peace can continue while they are permitted to endure." As evidence of his statement, the author proceeds to examine provision after provision of the notorious Yalta agreement and show how it can menace future world peace.

Mr. Abend goes so far as to say that when the definitive treaties of peace are written it would be no surprise if the "United States Senate gags at granting formal sanction to this formidable list of commitments." He also doubts whether Parliament will abide by them. The reviewer was as mystified as Mr. Abend when he first learned of the Far-Eastern aspects of Yalta, since they represented such a complete reversal of American Far-Eastern policy, and he will be equally interested in discovering the reasoning behind such an abrupt reversal. It does not seem too much to agree that at Yalta "the hands of the clock of world advancement were turned back a full two-score years."

What, then, are the conclusions to be drawn from such dangerous "diplomacy"? The first is that we have just about reached the stage in history where we ought to give open diplomacy a chance. Secret diplomacy is responsible for many of the things in the world of today which are not what they should be, and it is to blame for dangers which will face us in the future. The second is that no one man, "whatever might be his wisdom and his greatness," should be empowered to bind this country by secret pacts never submitted to either the American public or Congress.

THOMAS H. D. MAHONEY

CONGRATULATORY, NOT CRITICAL

G.B.S. 90. Edited by S. Winsten. Dodd, Mead and Co.

\$3

AFTER READING THIS SYMPOSIUM by twenty-six authors, a young man might think that Bernard Shaw has been dead for a hundred years rather than alive for ninety. Articles by Max Beerbohm, Gilbert Murray, Aldous Huxley, J. B. Priestly, H. G. Wells, Lord Dunsany, S. I. Hsiung and others less known revere his antiquity and exalt his kindness. Remembering Shaw's personal attacks on the critic Clement Scott and the playwright Pinero, who pretended to confine his reading to the *Mining Journal* as a refuge, the kid-gloved criticism sounds altogether too much like hero-worship.

The general tone is not so much critical as congratulatory, and some of the famous names are justified by mere scraps. The contributions range from a poem by Masfield, the current "birthday fibber," to a painstakingly dull exposition of Creative Evolution by C. E. M. Joad, who discovers that the Shavian goal of Pure Thought leaves one nothing to think about. The erstwhile Gloomy Dean, W. R. Inge, makes Shaw's theology gloomier and prefers his own heresies. It appears everywhere that Shaw is a profound man. He dislikes both poverty and the poor; he is anti-vivisectionist not because he likes dogs but because he despises doctors; he is a vegetarian because he believes in the imaginary rights of the animal kingdom more than in the real obligations of human nature; he opposes scientific advances because he

has "the common-sense skepticism which is the life-blood of scientific advance"; he ridicules Shakespeare and receives a politician's compliment that he is "the greatest British man of letters since Shakespeare." If the reader will now take the trouble to stand on his head, it will readily appear that Shaw is the one man of his time who is upright.

Laurence Housman, co-author of that daring play *Prunella*, considers Shaw a devastating influence. All our advances, Heaven help us, in morals, movies and music, in politics and phonetics, in science and socialism, are attributed to Shaw. But it is unfair to blame him for "advances" chargeable to Bergson, Freud, Marx, Margaret Sanger and Haldeman-Julius. Shaw now belongs only to the Ladies' Auxiliary of the False Prophets.

The fact that Shaw is a monumental playwright is not overlooked, even though the proof is usually looked for in his prefaces. It would have been interesting to read an analysis by Beerbohm rather than James Bridie, who writes that G.B.S. is "superior to Shakespeare but inferior to Dickens in the creation of characters." Instead, the "incomparable Max" begs off with birthday wishes and a flat statement of almost universal dissent from his friend. Max might have estimated fairly Shaw's triumph over the after-dinner drama of the 'nineties, with its appeal not to heart or head but to the digestive tract. He was really the polemical, and therefore publicized, spearhead of an easily discerned movement begun by J. T. Grein, William Archer, A. B. Walkley, George Moore, Miss Horniman and others.

As for Allardyce Nicoll's suggestion, made elsewhere, that time would determine his place as a dramatist, it is symptomatic that Clifford Odets, a proletarian, has already dismissed his influence with Shavian curtness. Mr. Shaw, for his wit and his deviations into wisdom, may merit this present garland of praises, but he holds small allegiance and less interest among a new generation of false prophets.

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

THE HOUSATONIC: PURITAN RIVER. By Chard Powers Smith. (*Rivers of America Series*). Illustrated with woodcuts by Armin Landeck. Rinehart and Company. \$3.

THE HOUSATONIC is the twenty-ninth volume in *The Rivers of America Series*. Though nearly every one in this monumental series has been praised as a contribution to the social, industrial and cultural history of the United States, it is doubtful that this book may be accorded the full share given to many of the others. For no matter how high the value of the interpretative approach in history writing you may like or demand, it will seem to many that in *The Housatonic* it is overdone.

The author subtitles his book "Puritan River." The Housatonic is Puritan, he says, because the settlement on its banks was historically in the Puritan mold, of the Puritan tradition. In the first chapter he sets up a rather vaguely described Puritan idealism as "The Lord," against whom are ranged the forces of "The Devil," of greed and materialism. From the start, the author seems to know he will have trouble in interpreting *everything* in the Housatonic scene in the light of this Lord-and-Devil rhetorical device: ". . . the Lord and the Devil appear respectively [in the drama of the valley] in slightly different roles." In fact, as the historical tale unrolls, it is increasingly difficult to follow the author's strained efforts to make facts fit into his fancied mold. At times the device is tiresome, because it becomes too thin an analogy.

Mr. Smith is an experienced writer—five books of poetry, three of prose non-fiction, and three of fiction published.

WARNING

DON'T buy THE CRITICISM OF EXPERIENCE, by D. J. B. Hawkins (\$2.00), unless you are one of those curious people who are interested in theories of knowledge, true and false, in the development of the scholastic tradition in the light of post-Cartesian thought, and, above all, unless you really like to think.

DON'T buy "FOUR QUARTETS" REHEARSED, by Raymond Preston (\$1.00), unless you think T. S. Eliot's poetry great enough to be worth the effort required to understand it: The book is a study of four of his poems, with added notes by Eliot. If you are looking for light on Eliot, nothing will keep you from buying it; if you are not, pray don't waste a good dollar on it.

DON'T buy ESSAYS IN RECONSTRUCTION (\$2.50), a book of essays by Benedictines and laymen (eight English, one Irish), if you have decided to give the state of the world up as hopeless. The essays cover religion, sociology, education, philosophy and a few other things. Each is written by an expert in his field, all write sense, and all are reasonably hopeful. It may disturb you with a feeling that perhaps, after all, it is rather too soon to despair.

DON'T buy THE BOOK OF JOB, by Edward Kissane, unless you are sufficiently interested in the latest and best of Catholic biblical criticism to make it worth \$4.00 to you. (Dr. Kissane has discovered, among other things, the original plan on which the poems that make up Job were constructed.) But after all, it's a lot of money.

LASTLY, don't buy ST. CATHERINE OF GENOA (\$2.00) (The Treatise on Purgatory and The Dialogue) if you don't care who's in Purgatory, or how you may expect to enjoy yourself when you get there. (The Dialogue is about how to make sure of at least getting there.)

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Having turned historian in *The Housatonic*, it would seem he has kept his fiction-writer's eye for the entertaining, for many are the turns of phrase and many the spicy anecdotes which enliven his narrative. His balance, however, in selection of material and in emphasis, seems wanting, for he devotes too many pages to the upper reaches of the Housatonic in order, it seems, to take cracks at the early nineteenth-century scene in the Berkshires. The lower reaches of the river are neglected in consequence.

There is not space here to go into any history of the Catholic contribution to the Housatonic valley. The text runs to 514 pages: only once (p. 449) is the word *Catholic* mentioned. Must the Housatonic be represented as Puritanic as all that?

The pseudo-woodcut illustrations are very poorly done.
ROBERT E. HOLLAND

THE WAGNER ACT: AFTER TEN YEARS. Edited by Louis G. Silverberg. The Bureau of National Affairs, Washington, D. C.

EVEN THE WAR did not interrupt the fervent debate which started back in 1935 when the National Labor Relations Act (Wagner Act) became the law of the land. In 1941, while the future of the world hung in the balance, the House passed a bill sponsored by Representative Howard Smith, of Virginia, which would have radically changed the nation's labor policy. The debate continued during the 78th Congress and, as we all remember, labor legislation occupied the 79th Congress for days on end. It is a sure bet that, when the 80th Congress assembles on January 3, 1947, the question will arise again. Should the Wagner Act be abolished? Should it be amended to correct an alleged pro-labor bias? Should it be supplemented in any one of a number of different ways? Or should it be left alone?

The 79th Congress, before adjourning *sine die* on Aug. 2, left these questions unanswered. And so the debate rages on. It can be settled satisfactorily only by an informed, impartial Congress and an equally informed and impartial public opinion. Any other settlement would make matters worse.

Hence the importance at this time of *The Wagner Act: After Ten Years*. It is for the most part a partisan book; that is to say, it is the work of a group of men who believe firmly in the Act and are prepared to defend it. But it is not a *blindly* partisan opus, since the dozen collaborators gathered by the Editor, Mr. Silverberg, are intelligent fellows and know from experience whereof they speak. The introduction, as is fitting, was written by Senator Wagner himself, and men of the stature of J. Warren Madden, Charles Fahy, Malcolm Ross, William Leiserson and H. A. Millis contribute important chapters. The upshot is about as competent a defense of the Wagner Act as can be made.

There are four divisions to the book. The first deals with the history and purpose of the Act; the second with its career in the courts and before the bar of public opinion; the third with the impact of the Act on unions, on a typical industrial city and on civil rights; the fourth with suggestions for improving the Act. There is a postscript in which H. A. Millis states his unshaken belief in free, collective bargaining as the only democratic answer to the human problem in modern industry.

Readers familiar with the Wagner Act will want this book if only to enjoy the seasoned comments of the distinguished collaborators. Those unfamiliar with the Act, inside as well as outside Congress, have a duty to read it—or an equally competent volume—before they attempt to dogmatize on one of the most involved questions of the day.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

BY CROSS AND ANCHOR. By James K. Jamison. St. Anthony Guild Press. \$2.50

THE GOOD PEOPLE of the Diocese of Marquette, Michigan, might be permitted a Bronx cheer if they came across this description of their fair land, published in an Eastern newspaper just a hundred years ago:

This is a queer country and a stumbling block to world-makers. Its features and construction would almost warrant the belief that it was made by another hand from the rest of the common footstool, and that the Evil One had a hand in the matter. Anyway, it is a cold, sterile region with a great bullying, boisterous sea, subject to sudden tempests and northwest winds.

The country is bleak, barren and savage, without any signs of civilization except bedbugs and whiskey. It is a land of dirty shirts and long beards. Everyone looks as wild and boorish as possible. One—a professor, too—bragged that he had not changed his shirt in four weeks. Among such dealers as there are, arithmetic is not considered a necessary accomplishment or a Christian virtue.

It was to this "wild Siberian end of the world"—another compliment from the same letter—that Father Frederic Baraga came in 1833, bringing Catholicism where it was needed. It was Upper Michigan, the copper and iron lands that border Lake Superior. Here, amid Chippewas and other tribes of plains Indians, Canadians and Americans, this nineteenth-century successor of seventeenth-century St. Isaac Jogues and Père Marquette labored for thirty-five years.

By *Cross and Anchor* tells of Father Baraga's full missionary days. He might have failed, were it not for the continuous stream of supplies and funds that the Leopoldine Society of Vienna sent into mid-continental America—something to remember and repay today.

Two decades as missionary and Rome made the subject of this biography the first Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie and Marquette. For a quarter-century Bishop Baraga guided his backwoods diocese and saw it grow from three churches and two priests to twenty-one churches, sixteen stations and fifteen priests. When the frail bishop entered into his reward in 1868, he left behind him a substantial contribution to Catholic America. The author is not a Catholic, but he has handled his subject sympathetically and himself made a substantial contribution to Catholic American biography.

NEIL BOYTON

DR. ERICH-MARIA B. J. VERMEHREN, son of a distinguished German lawyer and educated in the liberal-agnostic tradition, was received into the Catholic Church in September, 1939, after extensive study. Dismissed from school as a boy, because of an anti-nazi protest, Dr. Vermehren is now living in England with his wife, Elizabeth Countess of Plettenberg.

GEORGE H. CAIN, Captain in the AAF, Bachelor of Science *cum laude* of Georgetown University in 1942, is now studying at Harvard Law School, one of the married students he writes of in his article.

FRANCIS SWEENEY, who has appeared frequently in our poetry columns, is studying theology at Weston College, Weston, Mass.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON, a poet of rising prominence, lives in Ely, England.

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS will be remembered for his excellent article, *Shaw's "Prefaces Wired for Sound,"* in the May 17, 1941, issue.

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THEATRE

PRESCRIPTION 1001. To the thousand remedies already suggested for improving the health of our ailing theatre I want to add one more. We might try doing away with first-night reviews.

I cannot think of a single benefit the theatre derives from first-night reviews, but it would be no trouble at all to mention several ways in which they hamper and retard creative enterprise. The first charge against premiere reviews is that they reduce criticism to the level of simple reporting.

Reduced, perhaps, is an ill-chosen word, suggesting that life is less important than art; and I belong to the opposite school. Reporting life is certainly as high a calling as second-guessing a playwright's competence. The opening of a theatrical production is clearly within the reporter's sphere. It's news, and rates a paragraph on an inside page.

But a play is not merely something that happens. It is a creation, and the reviewer's business is to comment on its significance as a work of art. It is difficult if not impossible for a reviewer to observe a play for the first time, in the midst of unavoidable distractions, and fifty minutes later write a fair and intelligent appraisal of its importance. The French, I have been told, have a better system. Reviewers sit in on rehearsals. When French reviewers comment on a play they at least know what they are talking about; they are, in fact, critics, while their American colleagues are leg men.

A second, and more serious, charge against first-night reviews is that they work to the disadvantage of experimental drama, controversial and propaganda plays—the offerings that prevent drama from becoming static and keep it exciting and progressive. They encourage show-shoppers to look for labels instead of buying for quality. A reviewer with only one brain cell working can see at a glance that *State of the Union* is standard trade goods that compares with a garment from Bergdorf Goodman's, while *The Glass Menagerie* is a sentimental cameo as exquisite as something in Tiffany's window. But a borderline play like *On Whitman Avenue*, a reflection of social conflict, with an important message, is not easily digested between the final curtain and the deadline for the city edition.

The third charge against first-night reviews is that, as Canada Lee recently observed, the critical (?) corps is the unofficial sales department of well-heeled producers and real-estate operators of theatrical properties. The majority of New York drama critics, since Heywood Brown and Alexander Woolcott passed on to their eternal rewards and St. John Irvine returned to his native England, are Broadway- and Hollywood-minded, innocent of social bias and allergic to ideas. They encounter an experimental or propaganda play, *Jeb*, for instance, and write neutral reviews. The middle-aged men who go to the theatre to display their wives' jewelry, and women who drag tired husbands to the theatre because it's a badge of culture, rightly conclude that the play might make them think and give them a headache. They stay away from the box office in droves, the landlord enforces the stop clause in the lease, and the play closes Saturday night.

I reserve charges 4, 5, 6 and higher numerals for future presentation. All charges point to the same conclusion. Nothing can be said about a play the morning after its opening that could not be better said a week or fortnight later. A play without enough audience appeal to survive that long would hardly be worthy of comment.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

FILMS

MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE. Serious readers are usually annoyed by Hollywood's oblique recognition of literature, which consists in buying books and filming titles, but the damage done in this rough approximation of Booth Tarkington's gingerbread romance is unimportant. The result is a comedy of costumery, tailored to fit Bob Hope's outsize brand of humor and making a jest of Graustarkian sword-rattling. The chief shift in complications involves a luckless court barber in an impersonation of French nobility. The marriage-of-convenience theme, which strikes most sophisticated audiences as a quaint custom of the past with no relation to more modern detours from wedded bliss, is used to muddle the barber's own romance and spin out the action until the real Duke is identified. George Marshall's direction is loosely effective in that it keeps most of the sequences amusing without straining after continuity. As usual, some of the lines carry a leer, but *adults* will find the whole merely thoughtless entertainment, easy to enjoy and as easy to forget. Bob Hope dominates the formula, of course, with some assistance from Patric Knowles, Marjorie Reynolds and Joan Caulfield. (Paramount)

THREE WISE FOOLS. This is another vintage story with a strong sentimental slant and a breath of whimsy excusable in a Margaret O'Brien vehicle. The story concerns a type of philanthropy which sometimes crowns a thoroughly dishonest life, but there are no profound implications in this reading which belongs merely to the charm school of drama. Three aging bachelors with an eye to posterity attempt to steal a little girl's property and hand it over to a university project as a memorial to their generosity. The scheme is undone by the child's faith in human nature, with an assist from the wee people of Never-never-land. The conclusion is marked by a flush of reform. It is a pleasant tale, handled without too much self-consciousness by Edward Buzzell, and played to the sympathetic hilt by a fine cast, including Lionel Barrymore, Thomas Mitchell, Edward Arnold and Lewis Stone. It is recommended for the *family* (MGM)

FAITHFUL IN MY FASHION. A piquant title cribbed from Ernest Dowson's decadent verses to Cynara has no particular relevancy to this quiet little story of romantic unselfishness, but it will undoubtedly dress up the advertisements. A girl who becomes engaged to a departing soldier out of sympathy awaits his return to inform him of a change of heart. But in making his brief leave pleasant she discovers true love. The best solution to these off-again-on-again romantic plots is the proverb which says there are two ways of getting home, and one of them is to stay there. The other way is the scenarist's. The unpretentious story is directed with simplicity and restraint by Sidney Salkow, but it is a bit thin even with capable portrayals from Tom Drake and Donna Reed. It is a modest *family* item. (MGM)

BLONDE FOR A DAY. The growing importance of muscles in crime-detection is noted in this latest exploit of Michael Shayne's in which the private detective comes to the aid of a reporter shot in a search for murder witnesses. Films are busily completing their conversion from the aloof deductions of the Sherlock Holmes prototype, and this melange of murder, blackmail and assorted chicanery emphasizes the violently direct approach. Sam Neufeld directed, with Hugh Beaumont and Kathryn Adams featured in a fair *adult* mystery. (PRC) THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

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PARADE

IF MODERN MECHANICAL INVENTIONS had existed
in the past, telephone conversations of celebrities would
doubtless have been recorded. . . . In such an event, modern
man could turn on at will eminent voices from the long-
ago. . . . We can imagine a father of today saying: "Son,
put on that new record I bought—the telephone conversa-
tion between the two poets, Wordsworth and Moore." . . .
We can picture the family sitting around the living room,
as the record begins moving. . . . (Telephone bell rings.)
Voice of Wordsworth: Yes. Who is this? Are you there?
Voice of Moore: Tom Moore, Will. How are you?
Wordsworth: Splendid. I spent the summer in the lake coun-
try. That's the greatest tonic for me.

Moore: Pleasant days and restful nights, eh?

Wordsworth: Indescribably pleasant. I would wander
around lonely as a cloud and see the most marvelous spec-
tacles. One day, for example, I saw a crowd . . .

Moore: A crowd?

Wordsworth: Yes, a crowd, a host of golden daffodils. They
were fluttering and dancing in the breeze, tossing their heads
in sprightly dance. Actually, Tom, they outdid the sparkling
waves in glee. How could a poet help being gay in such a
jocund company? Even now that I am back in town, the
daffodils keep flashing upon that inward eye which is the
bliss of solitude. My heart with pleasure fills and dances with
these daffodils. Now, about yourself. Were you away?

Moore: Yes, I was out of town for the summer. By the way,
I also saw a moving sight.

Wordsworth: What was it you saw, Tom?

Moore: 'Twas the last rose of summer, left blooming alone.
All her lovely companions were faded and gone. No flower
of her kindred, no rosebud was nigh, to reflect back her
blushes, or give sigh for sigh. Not wishing to let the lone
one pine on the stem, I scattered her leaves o'er the bed
where her mates of the garden lay scentless and dead.

Wordsworth: You did well. Nothing can bring back the
hour of glory to the flower.

Moore: Or to man, Will. This world is all a fleeting show,
for man's illusion given. The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
deceitful shine, deceitful flow, there's nothing true but
Heaven.

Wordsworth: Quite so. Trailing clouds of glory, do we
come from God, Who is our home: Heaven lies about us in
our infancy. And then the world's glare begins to blind us.
You must frequently have thought of your young years.

Moore: Yes, indeed, I have. Oft in the stilly night, ere
slumber's chain has bound me, fond memory brings the
light of other days around me—the smiles, the tears of boy-
hood's years, the words of love then spoken: the eyes that
shone now dimmed and gone, the cheerful hearts now broken.

Wordsworth: Man's tendency to move farther away from
heaven as he grows older gives off the sad, discordant music
of humanity.

Moore: Will, earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

Wordsworth: Very true, Tom. As long as we are under the
sun, hope breathes on. Though inland far we be, our souls
have sight of that immortal sea which brought us hither.
Tom, I hope we're going to see each other before our final
meeting in the immortal sea.

Moore: Well said. I propose we dine together next week.

Wordsworth: Splendid. I'll ring you concerning a convenient
time.

Moore: It will be nice seeing you again, Will. (Noise made
by the hanging up of receivers is heard. The family puts on
another record).

JOHN A. TOOMEY

CORRESPONDENCE

RELIGION AND WELL-BEING

EDITOR: I think that the writer of your Comment, "Religion and Well-Being" (July 6) has read into my article, "Seven Challenges to Peace" (New York Times Magazine, June 16), something which I did not mean. I was not discussing the Christian attitude toward social justice or towards the struggle for the prizes of this world, and I certainly said nothing to suggest that people with religious faith have been, or are, readier than others to acquiesce in unjust social conditions. Indeed I should never say this of the Christian religions, since the evidence of history points in the contrary direction.

My words were not intended to convey anything more than the plain fact which they stated—the fact that in a society without the foundations of religious belief the demands of the average man tend to become dangerously concentrated upon material things. I regard this danger as one of the challenges in our time to the peace of the world. I am not a Catholic, but I nevertheless regard the Christian attitude as a corrective of materialist categories of values. This does not mean that I support a Christian able to satisfy his conscience with regard to present action by the comfortable assumptions: a) that the "disinherited" of this life will somehow be recompensed hereafter, and b) that nothing therefore need be done about them now.

Balliol College, Oxford

E. L. WOODWARD

WAGES AND THE CATHOLIC PRESS

EDITOR: I should like to supplement Mr. Harry W. Flannery's letter of August 17, relative to Catholic journalism: "Here, in education and journalism, are two fields, now grown with weeds, that need Catholic Action." It is difficult to direct our students to the field of Catholic writing. Few of our graduates from Catholic colleges turn to Catholic journalism. The establishment of our own schools of journalism might remedy the situation.

But there is a deeper reason lying beneath the schools and their products. It lies in the offices of our Catholic papers. Not for lack of ability or education or training are the few aspirants to the Catholic press turned away, for they have no difficulty in securing positions on the secular papers. It is for lack of "decent" remuneration. As a rule, wages and salaries are low in the newspaper field, but in the Catholic field they have always been notoriously unattractive. The deserving applicant, after four years at college, sees no future for himself.

If the Catholic press wants and needs good editors, why cannot it afford to pay for their services? The system of charity upon which the Catholic press was founded, prevents it from doing so. Of what value are Catholic schools of journalism if there is no other place to send their graduates than to the secular press, where they can exercise very little, if any, direct influence on public opinion?

Mr. Flannery says: "We only criticize and do not act." Where, may I ask, should the "action" begin? It is about time this vital subject were discussed in the Catholic press. Silence never solves any problems, and it will certainly not solve this one.

Wilmington, Del.

MOTHER AGATHA, O.S.U.

AUTHOR'S PROTEST

EDITOR: It is not my habit to comment on reviews, but the fact that you have sent me a clipping of the brief notice published by AMERICA of my book, *The Takers of the City*, seems to invite rebuttal.

My chief regret is that the book did not fall into the hands of a capable reviewer, for I cannot believe that Father Holland's random remarks are typical of Catholic literary criticism. He is certainly in no way equipped to appraise the book. The only critical judgment expressed is the following: "... the book has little worth and contains much to condemn it as pleasant reading: the frequent detailing of the native's nakedness and of anatomical features or physiological functions in a vulgar way." In a 400-page volume your reviewer seems to have been impressed by nothing but three or four physiological references which, as it happens, were taken almost verbatim from the chronicler, Antonio de Remesal and from the narrative of Tomás de la Torre, both Dominican friars. Catholics were apparently less prudish in the sixteenth and seventeenth century than in 1946.

The only other expression of opinion is even more depressing. "... The overall impression seems to be in the nature of a rehash of the larger aspects of the 'Black Legend' toward which, some say, las Casas contributed by his many writings too strongly partisan to the Indians, or unfairly anti-colonist." "Seems" and "some say." Having spent two years doing research before writing the book, I am not impressed by Father Holland's competence. The facts stand in the record, and it is childish to deny that the Spanish conquest was a war of aggression and plunder. Tossing about such clichés as "Black Legend" merely indicates a disposition to defend Spanish imperialism and a desire to belittle las Casas, one of the truly great men of Latin American history. One would think that Catholics might be proud of a cleric who so singlemindedly devoted himself to practicing Christian idealism. I am more and more surprised to find that, in 1946, his co-religionists still continue to sympathize with the corrupt members of the Church who opposed him. Moreover, las Casas was not (in the larger sense) as Father Holland thinks, defeated. The great Dominican expressed and defended certain ideas which have passed into the main body of humanitarian thought and today, as never before, continue to inspire those who care about such liberal principles as racial equality and freedom from exploitation.

All this is aside from Father Holland's literary sensitivity, which seems to be non-existent.

Westport, Conn.

H. R. HAYS

(We regret, both for the sake of the reputation of our reviewers and for the courtesy of a response due to Mr. Hays, that the Rev. Robert E. Holland, S.J., died of a heart attack on the very day we had forwarded Mr. Hays' letter to him. We print elsewhere in these columns Father Holland's last review, sent in after his death. Mr. Hays will understand, we are sure, the impossibility of our clarifying Father Holland's opinion.—EDITOR)

The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with the writer. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, merely tolerates lengthy ones.

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THE WORD

WORN SHINY THOUGH IT IS by constant repetition, that current capsule of internationalism, the phrase "good-neighbor policy," might well serve as a reminder of the greatest of the commandments which Christ reiterates and immortally illustrates in the gospel for the twelfth Sunday after Pentecost. He forced the intrusive lawyer to answer his own query about the way to life; but the heckler "wishing to justify himself" asked the further question: "who is my neighbor?" Our Lord replied with the parable of the Good Samaritan.

Between Jews and Samaritans there had been a bitter feud for centuries. The latter held that their temple on Mount Garizim, not Jerusalem, was the true center of worship. Josephus, the Jewish historian, tells us they would often attack Jewish pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem, and one catches echoes of the animosity in the gospels. Thus when Our Lord, resting at Jacob's well in Sichar, spoke to the Samaritan woman, she was amazed: "For the Jews do not associate with Samaritans" (John 4:9). Likewise the inhabitants of a Samaritan town rejected Jesus "because His face was set for Jerusalem" (Luke 9:54).

All the more significant therefore is Christ's story of the traveler who, on the dangerous road from Jerusalem to Jericho, was attacked by bandits and left destitute and dying. The priest and levite passed him by and it was one of the hated Samaritans who proved to be a real "neighbor" to him.

The similitude shows Our Lord's power of verbal compression. It states the universality of charity, the need of forgiveness, the divine demand that we rise above personal enmity. Through its Samaritan hero and Jewish victim it strikes strongly at the narrow stupidity of nationalism, denounced by Pius XI as "harsh and selfish," by Pius XII as "cold and calculating." Racism, in the light of this parable, stands revealed as the foul, un-Christian disease that it is.

Besides the obvious messages of the story, one can observe in it the "deepest spiritual root of Western democracy," laid bare by Him Who founded a Church in which "there is neither Jew nor Greek . . . neither slave nor freeman" (Gal. 3:28); by Him Who will vindicate the real equality of men in the words of the Last Judgment: "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it for one of these, the least of my brethren, you did it for me" (Matt. 25:40).

For the real basis of democracy, as Christopher Dawson writes, is not the fraternity of tribal warriors nor the individual's privileges in the city state. It is to be found "in the spiritual reversal of values which caused men to honor poverty and suffering and to see in the poor man the image of Christ Himself," a concept of "Christian Democracy" endorsed forty-five years ago by Leo XIII. "Good neighborliness," therefore, is not a passing policy dictated by expediency but a perennial principle rooted in God.

We have just won a catastrophic victory, at the cost of thousands of American lives, in defense of democracy against systems which denied the sanctity of the individual and made of man a shapeless, faceless cog in the machine of the state, without rights and without redress. Yet we can let the canker of racism breed here at home, we can let our hearts be soured by hatred for men of a particular race or color or social condition. We can still ask, with impudent stupidity, as though it had never been answered, the question of the lawyer: "Who is my neighbor?" We can still have in mind the older, uglier question of Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?" (Gen. 4:9).

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, S.J.



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